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The horse is 7 years old
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If not disposed of on or
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Mobile, Ala., June 1, 1837.

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IORBURN, 11 John-street.
[J17-3t.]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Tushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

A CARD.

MESSRS. SCOTT & THORNE, proprietor of the new Cincinnati, Vicksburg, and other Western and Southern Theatres, are making arrangements for the opening of the former establishment on the first of July next.

Communications addressed to Mr Jas. Thorne, at his residence, No. 8 Bedford-street, near Broadway, will be punctually attended to.

Mr. Thorne may be found at the City Hotel from 12 till 1 o'clock each day during his stay in New York. [J3]

HUNTING PARK, PHILADELPHIA COUNTY.

THE following Sweepstakes and Purses are to come off over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia:—

Tuesday, June 13th, at 12 o'clock—A Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, in Harness; free for all trotting horses; sub. $100, with $100 added; 3 or more to make a trot.

Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the Saddle; free for all trotting horses.

Wednesday, June 14, at 12 o'clock—A Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, under the Saddle; sub. $100, with $100 added; 3 or more to make a trot.

Same Day—Purse $100, Two mile heats, under the Saddle, free for all horses that never won a purse of that amount.

All entries to be made the day previous to the trot, at the Proprietor's house, enclosed according to existing Rules.

A great number of horses are expected from New York and other places.

JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.
[J3-2t]

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

WE agree to run a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, over the Lafayette Course. Two mile heats, to come off the first week in December, 1837, as changed from the first week in January, 1838, by the Convention held in Charleston in February last, which closing of the time of the annual races over the Lafayette Course, from the first week in Jan. 1838, to the first week in December, 1837. Named and closed 1st March, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. John Crowell names br. f. by Stockholder, out of the dam of Bolivia.
2. Col. Wade Hampton names limp. b. f. by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
3. Capt. James J. Harrison names full sister to Kate.
4. Messrs. Towns & South names ch. c. by Bertrand, jr., out of Mary Frances.
5. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luxborough, dam Becca, by Marquis.
6. Lewis Lovell names ch. c. John Guenton, by Bertrand, dam Pacussia.

THE following is a Stake, closed for December, 1838; $250 entrance, half forfeit.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Hampton names limp. b. f. Ella, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
2. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names limp. ch. f. by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whiskey.
3. G. Edmonson names ch. c. by Leviathan, dam by Gallatin.
4. John Morrison & Co. names ch. c. Highland Henry, by Henry, dam Highland Mary.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton.	Robert D. Glover.
Col. Joseph H. Towns.	G. Edmonson
Col. John Crowell.	John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.

Augustus H. Kenan	Col. W. Hampton	Griffin Edmonson.

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—

Four mile heats $3400, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $2400, $400 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1600, $200 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—3 year olds and under, their appropriate weight: 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1400, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address

Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.
New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE FOR SALE.

THIS universally acknowledged fine horse is now for sale, and will be delivered on the 15th of July, when his season expires. Trustee is a short legged horse, of great power and fine form, and his late owner, Capt. Stockton, being determined to know whether he was a four mile horse, (having put all his fine mares to him,) gave him a trial last autumn, and although lame and in no condition, Trustee ran his four miles in eight minutes with his shoes on; thus proving himself to be a horse both of speed and bottom. Trustee covered a few mares last season besides his owner's, and his colts show great form, bone and blood. Trustee can be seen at the Union Course, Long Island.

April 22, 1837. [A29] W. LIVINGSTON.

A STABLE OF HORSES IN TRAINING FOR SALE.

EXPECTING to be obliged to go to Europe early in the next month on business, I would be glad to sell three valuable horses, now in training, and at this time very promising. They consist of Lady Chiffden, who won all her races of the last year at 3 years old. Another, by her fine 2 year old colt by Sussex, and a very fine 3 year old out of Grecian Princess, by Maryland Eclipse, (one of the best sons of old Eclipse), and in the great Dorsey Stakes at the Central Course.

These horses will be sold at fair prices for stock of their acknowledged value, and time would be given on a portion of their purchase, if well secured and desired. A careful and experienced trainer might also be obtained with the horses, if a sufficient inducement be held out to him. I would also sell Grecian Princess, with a Tranby colt by her side, for $2500, or Betsey Wilson, also with a Tranby colt for the same price. Application must be made early if a purchase is to be effected.

THOS. EMORY, Eastern Shore of Maryland.

P.S. For the pedigrees of my Stock *in extenso*, see the 6th vol. Turf Register, page 423. T. E.
[A15]

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. *Lady Tomkins*, a chestnut, bred by Samuel Purdy, of New York, and foaled in 1831. She was got by American Eclipse, out of Katy Ann, bred by James Bathgate, Esq. of West Farms, Westchester Co., N. Y. She was got by Ogle's Oscar, (son of Imp. Gabriel and Vixen, by Imp. Medley) out of Young Maid of the Oaks (the dam of Medoc), by Imp. Expedition, grandam Old Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Spread Eagle, &c. &c.

She is therefore the same blood as Medoc, with the addition of an intervening cross, through her dam of Ogle's Oscar, from whom she obtains a dip of the blood of Imp. Gabriel and Old Imp. Medley. Not put in 1836. Started to Imp. Tranby, and now with him at Lexington, Ky.

No. 2. *Maid of Miami*, ch. f., foaled in 1834, by Orphan Boy, (son of Eclipse and Old Maid of the Oaks), out of Katy Ann above, large and of great substance.

No. 3. *Fleur-de-Lis*, br. f., foaled in 1835, got by Imp. Valentine, out of Katy Ann, is of one color, and in high racing form—fine size.

No. 4. *Orville*, ch. c. foaled in 1836, by Imp. Daghee, dam Lady Tomkins, (No. 1)—large and fine.

Apply to LEWIS BEACH, merchant, New York, or M. PEACH, Lebanon, Ohio, (where the stock may be seen) and every further information given that may be required.

Lebanon, Ohio, March 17, 1837. [A29-tf.]

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

TO THE OWNERS OF HORSES, COWS, AND DOGS.—Carter & Mills, Veterinary Surgeons, respectfully inform the public, that, having taken the Stables and Yard in Broadway, opposite Waverley Place, they intend carrying on the veterinary business in all its branches, and they hope that attention and moderate charges will entitle them to a share of patronage and support.

Sick or lame horses received at the stables at $6 per week, including medicine, attendance and keep.

Horses and Cows attended in town or country at equally moderate rates

Medicine for every disease the horse, dog, or cow is liable to, prepared and sold at the Infirmary, and advice gratis.

☞ Horses bought or sold on Commission.

☞ Horses examined, and opinion given as to soundness. [m13]

REMOVAL.

P. C. STRYKER most respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has removed over the way, to that large and commodious brick house, lately occupied by Mr. S. B. Campion. He hopes to merit the patronage of his old friends and as many new ones as he can get.

Mount Holly, N. J., March 27, 1837 [A1.]

Small and very fine bred White Terriers.

FOR SALE, a Dog and Slut, about six months old, very small and very handsome, supposed to be the handsomest and best bred ones in the United States. See last June number of the New York Sporting Magazine. Apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A29]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance	$5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance	2 50

The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—

For one square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper*	$1 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto.*	1 00

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.

Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 19.

Things Theatrical.

GEORGE BARRETT and ELLEN TREE, in combination, have been drawing good houses at the Park this week.

Mrs. GLOVER, a most estimable lady and charming actress, takes her farewell benefit at the Park to-night. Ellen Tree, Celeste, Emma Wheatley, and Barrett have volunteered.

FLYNN has leased the Bowery from the 4th of July next. DUNLAP retires from the management. HAMBLIN is to appear soon in a new drama by Miss Medina.

JOHN JAY ADAMS advertises for performers in a new theatre that is to be opened in Broadway on the 10th July—but of its whereabouts deponent saith not. We understand that the City Saloon, over Sandy Welsh's Terrapin Lunch, is the location.

Messrs. SCOTT & THORNE, of the Cincinnati and Vicksburg theatres, have engaged the following stars for the ensuing season:—Miss Clifton, Mrs. Gibbs, Madame Augusta, Mrs. Barrett, Miss Horton, Mrs. Maeder, and Miss Nelson, with John Sefton, John R. Scott, Yankee Hill, Geo. Barrett, Herr Cline, Edwin, Charles Mason, the Ravels, etc. The company consists of Scott, Thorne, Howard, Johnson, Mason (senior), Watson, Davis, Mrs. Mason, Miss De Barr, Miss Verity, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Watson, etc. etc.

JOHN SEFTON is about to make a starring tour west of the mountains, where he is destined to become an immense favorite.

Miss CLIFTON paid WILLIS last week $1000 for the original tragedy he has just completed for her. She opens with it at the Park on the 25th August, when the winter season commences at Old Drury. She is now at the West, fulfilling engagements at Buffalo, Cincinnati, etc.

Don't be in a hurry! SOL. SMITH, Esq., is daily expected in town, to make engagements with stars, and clever people generally, for his theatres at Mobile and St. Louis. Ludlow & Smith pay capital salaries. A word to the wise, etc.

Mrs. GIBBS left town on Wednesday for Albany, Utica, the Springs, Niagara, etc., with EDWIN. They will give a series of concerts at the Springs and Utica. McKinney, of Buffalo, is getting up Cinderella for them.

Mr. GROVES, co-manager with WORRELL of the Nashville, Memphis, and other theatres, is in town, making arrangements for next season.

Mrs. WOOD was to sail from Liverpool on the 24th June.

OLE BULL, the Norwegian rival of PAGANINI, is about to sail for this country.

Mr. BALLS and his lady sail to-day in the packet ship United States for Liverpool, accompanied by the most cordial good wishes of thousands of friends, acquired during a very successful series of engagements at the principal theatres in the country.

RUSSELL, the vocalist, CHARLES MASON, BARTON, and the MORLEYS have arrived in town. The BARNES' ditto.

NIBLO opened his beautiful Garden last Monday night for the season, with a brilliant concert, in addition to his usual scenic, floral, epicurean, and convivial attractions. Among the stars, we were glad to recognize Mrs. BAILEY, (late Miss Watson,) Mrs. KNIGHT, T. BISHOP, (from London, his first appearance here,) and several others. Signor AMBROSE, Master Burke's former tutor, is again leader of the orchestra, which comprises some of the most eminent professors in the country, viz., Aupick, Casolani, Marks, Christian, Nidds, Cramer, Chevalier, Taylor, Wood, Plane, Mason, Otto, Schmelling, Goodwin, etc. Mr. WATSON, as before, has the direction of the concerts, and presides at the piano. Arrangements are in progress for the representation of petit operas and vaudevilles, as given in Paris and Madame Vestris's Olympic theatre, London.

Prospectus of the New-York Metropolitan Club.

Social Clubs are obviously suited to the present usages of good society: they unite the retirement and exclusiveness of family "*conversazione*" with the ever varying interest, daily news, and animation of the best hotel, without the possibility of casual and abrupt intrusion, and all at a cost to the subscriber so far below that of any public establishment, as to render comparison here superfluous.

It is proposed therefore, to form, on the following plan, A CLUB, to consist of one hundred members.

The first fifty subscribers to possess power to make and enact By-Laws, and to embody themselves and establish the Club.

The entrance money to be $10, and the annual subscription $10.

In the CLUB ROOM the arrangements will be systematic, refined, and studiously adapted to render it an agreeable, social, and intellectual resort. On its tables will be found the American diurnals and talented periodicals, a judicious selection of British and European continental journals and reviews, and the earliest intelligence of commercial importance.

In the REFECTORY, breakfast, tea, supper, wines, liquors, in short, *all refreshments*, of the best quality, at a small per centage *on the cost*.

BEDS to accommodate subscribers only, at a moderate charge, to which every subscriber is entitled as vacancies occur, and regulated on the principles of comfort that govern a private family.

If speedily established, the location of the Club can be secured on one of the most convenient and desirable sites in the city; the house modern, newly built, and containing commodious suites of apartments, so arranged that every four bedrooms communicate with a large antechamber, to serve as a joint sitting room.

Several gentlemen of this city have formed themselves into a committee of organization, and as immediate action hereon is desirable, gentlemen wishing to become members may communicate with the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway, who will give a reference to the parties appointed to explain the details and exhibit the house.

New York, June 22, 1837.

A BIT OF WHOLESOME ADVICE.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 20, 1837.

SIR.—In your paper of Saturday last, June 17, I read with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, the following part of the letter of *An American Turfman*:—

"While on that subject I cannot refrain from a word of caution, which I am sensible you will receive as it is intended, with the best feelings for your success, and that is to be a little more particular in the selections from miscellaneous journals; so that nothing may appear in your columns which husbands and fathers might object to lay upon the drawing-room table."

But I read with still greater satisfaction, Sir, the note appended by yourself, to the foregoing extract—it runs thus:—

"We have reformed that indifferently with us, and shall now, as Hamlet says, 'reform it altogether.'"

Your unknown correspondent hopes that you may consider as equally well intended, a suggestion from another of your subscribers, who, without believing for a moment that anything from him is entitled to the same attention as that which you have given to the judicious hint of your amiable correspondent, "An American Turfman," would, nevertheless, respectfully suggest that your valuable paper might not be at all lessened in circulation, nor lose one iota of its popularity with your subscribers, if you were to omit, in future, such notices as two which are to be found in your last number—the one is headed—

"*Grand Main of Cocks—Maryland vs. Pennsylvania.*"

The other is headed—

"*The Single-Stick Match at Chalk Farm.*"

Your correspondent, "An American Turfman," writes to you under feelings of sensitiveness, which every husband and parent must naturally entertain for the preservation of that delicacy of feeling in the female inmates of his family, without which, a private dwelling would partake but too much of the nature of a public one.

My anxiety, Sir, arises from a different source from the great anxiety I feel that my fellow countrymen should be preserved as much as possible, from the habit of reading of, and taking an interest in any pastimes which are at once both useless and cruel—such as

Cock Fighting,	Badger Baiting,
Bear Baiting,	Pugilistic encounters,
Bull Baiting,	Single-stick matches, cum multis aliis,

pastimes which have a direct tendency to render the people callous to all feelings of humanity. The above might, without injustice, be characterised as most brutal; inasmuch as they can be attended by no possible benefit to the community at large, although some few individuals might find either or them profitable.

I am, very respectfully, Sir, your most obt. serv't, A SUBSCRIBER.

NOTE.—We "confess the cape" in regard to the "Main of Cocks" and the "Single Stick Match." The first was inserted to correct a typographical error, and the second, that our readers might understand what Bell's Life in London terms "an ancient and manly British pastime." If "*A Subscriber*" is entitled to that signature by virtue of his subscription, well and truly paid in the good and lawful money of these United States, then he must be aware that we have little taste for "pugilistic encounters," or "bull-baiting," etc. Not above half a dozen articles of the offensive character specified by him have appeared in the Spirit of the Times since the 1st of Jan. 1835. We could hardly claim for our paper the character of "*a sporting chronicle*" of passing events, did we entirely exclude from its columns such articles as are objectionable to our Philadelphia "Subscriber." But they shall hereafter be "short" if not "sweet," and "far between." Our paper addresses itself particularly to gentlemen, and is designed to please all classes, and while we devote a great portion of our room to the amusement or instruction of farthmen, as the most numerous class, we have no right to withhold an occasional nibble from the angler, or a good shot from the knights of the trigger and game bag. We are obliged to our unknown monitor, however, for his suggestions, and will endeavor to profit by them. In consideration of this, perhaps he will send us an occasional original article to supply the place that, but for him, might have been filled with those for which he lacks stomach, like ourselves. *Nous verrons.*

THE FOOTMAN'S SOIREE

FROM THE PICKWICK PAPERS

"Mr. Weller," said Mrs. Craddock, upon the morning of this very eventful day, "here's a letter for you."

"Wery odd that," said Sam. "I'm afraid there must be somethin' the matter, for I don't recollect any gen'lm'n in my circle of acquaintance as is capable o' writin' one."

"Perhaps something uncommon has taken place," observed Mrs. Craddock.

"It must be somethin' wery uncommon indeed, as could produce a letter out o' any friend o' mine," replied Sam, shaking his head dubiously; "nothin' less than a total convulsion, as the young gen'lm'n observed ven he wos took with fits. It can't be from the gov'ner," said Sam, looking at the direction, "he always prints, I know, 'cos he learnt writin' from the large bills in the bookin'-offices. It's a very strange thing, now, where this here letter can ha' come from."

As Sam said this, he did what a great many people do when they are uncertain about the writer of a note—looked at the seal, and then at the front, and then at the back, and then at the sides, and then at the superscription; and, as a last resource, thought perhaps he might as well look at the inside, and try to find out from that.

"It's wrote on gilt-edged paper," said Sam, as he unfolded it, "and sealed in bronze wax with the top of a door-key. Now for it." And, with a very grave face, Mr. Weller slowly read as follows:—

"A select company of the Bath footmen presents their compliments to Mr. Weller, and requests the pleasure of his company this evening to a friendly swarry, consisting of a boiled leg of mutton, with the usual trimmings. The swarry to be on the table at half past nine o'clock precisely."

This was inclosed in another note, which ran thus:—

"Mr. John Smauker, the gentleman who had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Weller at the house of their mutual acquaintance, Mr. Bantam, a few days since, begs to inclose Mr. Weller the herewith invitation. If Mr. Weller will call on Mr. John Smauker at nine o'clock, Mr. John Smauker will have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Weller. (Signed) JOHN SMAUKER."

The envelope was directed to blank Weller, Esq., at Mr. Pickwick's; and in a parenthesis in the left-hand corner, were the words, "any bell," as an instruction to the bearer.

"Vell," said Sam, "this is comin' it rather powerful, this is. I never heard a biled leg o' mutton called a swarry afore. I wonder wot they'd call a roast one."

However, without waiting to debate the point, Sam at once betook himself into the presence of Mr. Pickwick, and requested leave of absence for that evening, which was readily granted. With this permission, and the street-door key, Sam Weller issued forth a little before the appointed time, and strolled leisurely towards Queen-square, which he no sooner gained than he had the satisfaction of beholding Mr. John Smauker leaning his powdered head against a lamp-post at a short distance off, smoking a cigar through an amber tube. * *

"This way," said his new friend, apparently very much relieved as they turned down a by-street; "we shall soon be there."

"Shall we," said Sam, quite unmoved by the announcement of his close vicinity to the select footmen of Bath.

"Yes," said Mr. John Smauker; "don't be alarmed, Mr. Weller."

"Oh no," said Sam.

"You'll see some very handsome uniforms, Mr. Weller," continued Mr. John Smauker; "and perhaps you'll find some of the gentlemen rather high at first, you know, but they'll soon come round."

"That's wery kind on 'em," replied Sam.

"And you know," resumed Mr. John Smauker, with an air of sublime protection, "you know, as you're a stranger, perhaps they'll be rather hard upon you at first."

"They won't be wery cruel, though, will they?" inquired Sam.

"No, no," replied Mr. John Smauker, pulling forth the fox's head, and taking a gentlemanly pinch. "There are some funny dogs among us, and they will have their jokes, you know; but you mustn't mind 'em—you mustn't mind 'em."

"I'll try to bear up agin such a reg'lar knock down o' talent," replied Sam.

"That's right," said Mr. John Smauker, putting up his fox's head, and elevating his own; "I'll stand by you."

By this time they had reached a small green grocer's shop, which Mr. John Smauker entered, followed by Sam, who, the moment he got behind him, relapsed into a series of the very broadest and most unmitigated grins, and manifested other demonstrations of being in a highly enviable state of inward merriment.

Crossing the green grocer's shop, and putting their hats on the stairs in the little passage behind it, they walked into a small parlor; and here the full splendor of the scene burst upon Mr. Weller's view.

A couple of tables were put together in the middle of the parlor, covered with three or four cloths of different ages and dates of washing, arranged to look as much like one as the circumstances of the case would allow. Upon these were laid knives and forks for six or eight people. Some of the knife handles were green, others red, and a few more yellow; and, as all the forks were black, the combination of colors was exceedingly striking. Plates for a corresponding number of guests were warming behind the fender; and the guests themselves were warming before it, the chief and most important of whom appeared to be a stoutish gentleman, in a bright crimson coat with long tails, vividly red breeches, and a cocked hat, who was standing with his back to the fire, and had apparently just entered, for, besides retaining his cocked hat on his head, he carried in his hand a high stick, such as gentlemen of his profession usually elevate in a sporting position over the roofs of carriages.

"Smauker, my lad—your fin," said the gentleman with the cocked hat.

Mr. Smauker drew inside the top joint of his right hand little finger into that of the gentleman with the cocked hat, and said he was charmed to see him looking so well.

"Well, they tell me I am looking pretty blooming," said the man with the cocked hat, "and it's a wonder, too. I have been following our old woman about two hours a day for the last fortnight, and if the constant contemplation of the manner in which she hooks-and-eyes that infernal lavender-colored old gown of her's isn't enough to throw anybody into a low state of despondency for life, stop my quarter's salary."

At this the assembled selections laughed very heartily, and one gentleman in a yellow waistcoat with a coach-trimming border, whispered a neighbor in green foot smalls that Tuckle was in spirits to-night.

"By the by," said Mr. Tuckle, "Smauker, my boy, you—" The remainder of the sentence was forwarded into John Smauker's ear by whisper.

"Oh, dear me, I quite forgot," said Mr. John Smauker. "Gentlemen, my friend, Mr. Weller."

"Sorry to keep the fire off you, Mr. Weller," said Mr. Tuckle, with a familiar nod. "Hope you're not cold, Weller."

"Not by no means, blazes," replied Sam. "It 'ud be a wery chilly subject as felt cold vith you stood opposite. You'd save coals if they put you behind the fender in the vaitin' room at a public office, you would."

As this retort appeared to convey rather a personal allusion to Mr Tuckle's crimson livery, that gentleman looked majestic for a few seconds, but gradually edging away from the fire, broke into a forced smile, and said it wasn't bad.

"Wery much obliged for your good opinion, sir," said Sam. "We shall get on by degrees, I dessay. We'll try a better one by and by."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a gentleman in orange-colored plush, accompanied by another selection in purple cloth, with a great extent of stocking. The new comers having been welcomed by the old ones, Mr. Tuckle put the question that supper be ordered in, which was carried unanimously.

The green grocer and his wife then arranged upon the table a boiled leg of mutton, hot, with caper sauce, turnips, and potatoes. Mr. Tuckle took the chair, and was supported at the other end of the board by the gentleman in orange plush. The green grocer put on a pair of wash-leather gloves to hand the plates with, and stationed himself behind Mr. Tuckle's chair.

The important business of the evening had hardly commenced, when the door was thrown quickly open, and another gentleman, in a light blue suit, and leaden buttons, made his appearance.

"Against the rules," said Mr. Tuckle. "Too late, too late."

"No, no; positively I couldn't help it," said the gentleman in blue. "I appeal to the company—an affair of gallantry now—an appointment at the theayter."

"Oh, that indeed," said the gentleman in the orange plush.

"Yes; raly now, honor bright," said the man in blue. "I made a promise to fetch our youngest daughter at half past ten, and she is such an uncommonly fine gal, that I raly hadn't the 'art to disappoint her. No offence to the present company, sir, but a petticut, sir—a petticut, sir, is irrevokeable."

"I begin to suspect there's something in that quarter," said Tuckle, as the new comer took his seat beside Sam. "I've remarked once or twice that she leans very heavy on your shoulder when she gets in and out of the carriage."

"Oh, raly, raly, Tuckle, you should'nt," said the man in blue, "It's not fair. I may have said to one or two friends that she was a very divine creechure, and had refused one or two offers without any nobvius cause, but—no, no, no, indeed, Tuckle—before strangers, too,—it's not right—you shouldn't. Delicacy, my dear friend, delicacy." And the man in blue, pulling up his neckerchief, and adjusting his coat cuffs, nodded and frowned as if there were more behind which he could say if he liked, but was bound in honor to suppress.

The man in blue being a light-haired, stiff-necked, free and easy sort of footman, with a swaggering air and pert face, had attracted Mr. Weller's especial attention at first, but when he began to come out in this way, Sam felt more than ever disposed to cultivate his acquaintance; so he launched himself into the conversation at once, with characteristic independence.

"Your health, sir," said Sam. "I like your conversation much. I think it's wery pretty."

At this the man in blue smiled, as if it was a compliment he was well used to; but looked approvingly on Sam at the same time, and said he hoped he should be better acquainted with him, for without any flattery at all, he seemed to have the making's of a very nice fellow about him—just the man after his own heart.

"You're wery good, sir," said Sam. "What a lucky feller you are."

"How do you mean?" inquired the gentleman in blue.

"That 'ere young lady," replied Sam. "She knows wot's wot, she does. Ah, I see." Mr. Weller closed one eye, and shook his head from side to side in a manner which was highly gratifying to the personal vanity of the gentleman in blue.

"I'm afraid you're a cunning fellow, Mr. Weller," said that individual.

"No, no," said Sam, "I leave all that 'ere to you. It's a great deal more in your way than mine, as the gen'lm'n on the right side o' the garden vall said to the man on the wrong 'un, ven the mad bull was a comin' up the lane."

"Well, well, Mr. Weller," said the gentleman in blue, "I think she has remarked my air and manner, Mr. Weller."

"I should think she couldn't wery well be off that," said Sam.

"Have you anything of that kind in hand, sir?" inquired the favored gentleman in blue, drawing a tooth-pick from his waistcoat pocket.

"Not exactly," said Sam. "There's no daughters at my place, else o' course I should ha' made up to von on 'em. As it is, I don't think I can do with anythin' under a female Markis. I might take up with a young ooman o' large property as hadn't a title—if she made wery fierce love to me—not else."

"Of course, Mr. Weller," said the gentleman in blue, "one can't be troubled, you know; and we know, Mr. Weller—we, who are men of the world—that a good uniform must work its way with the women sooner or later. In fact, that's the only thing, between you and I, that makes the service worth entering into."

"Just so," said Sam. "That's it o' course."

When this confidential dialogue had gone thus far, glasses were placed round, and every gentleman ordered what he liked best before the public house shut up. The gentleman in blue and the man in orange, who were the chief exquisites of the party, ordered "cold shrub and water," but with the others, gin and water sweetened appeared to be the favorite beverage. Sam called the green grocer a "desperate willin," and ordered a large bowl of punch—two circumstances which seemed to raise him very much in the opinion of the congregated selections.

After a short silence, a gentleman in an emboidered coat, reaching down to his heels, and a waistcoat of the same, which kept one half of his legs warm, stirred his gin and water with great energy, and putting himself upon his feet, all at once, by a violent effort, said he was desirous of offering a few remarks to the company; whereupon the person in the cocked hat had no doubt that the company would be very happy to hear any remarks that the man in the long coat might wish to offer.

"I feel a great delicacy, gentlemen, in coming for'ard," said the man in the long coat, "having the misforchune to be a coachman, and being only admitted as a honorary member of these agreeable swarrys, but I do feel myself bound, gentlemen—drove into a corner, if I may use the expression—to make known an afflicting circumstance which has come to my knowledge, which has happened, I may say, within the soap of my every day contemplation. Gentlemen, our friend Mr. Whiffers (everybody looked at the gentleman in orange) our friend Mr. Whiffers has resigned."

Universal astonishment fell upon the hearers. Each gentleman looked in his neighbor's face, and then transferred his glance to the upstanding coachman.

"You may well be sapprised, gentlemen," said the coachman. "I will not wenchure to state the reasons of this irrepairabel loss to the service, but I will beg Mr. Whiffers to state them himself, for the improvement and imitation of his admiring friends."

The suggestion being loudly approved of, Mr. Whiffers explained. He said he certainly could have wished to have continued to have held the appointment which he had just resigned. The uniform was extremely rich and expensive, the females of the family was most agreeable, and the duties of the situation was not, he was bound to say, too heavy; the principal service that was required of him being, that he should look out of the hall window as much as possible, in com-

pany with another gentleman, who had also resigned. He could have wished to have spared that company the painful and disgusting detail on which he was about to enter, but as the explanation had been demanded of him, he had no alternative but to state, boldly and distinctly, that he had been required to eat cold meat."

It is impossible to conceive the disgust which this avowal awakened in the bosoms of the hearers. Loud cries of "shame," mingled with groans and hisses, prevailed for a quarter of an hour at least.

Mr. Whiffler's address was responded to with a shout of admiration, and the health of the interesting martyr was drunk in a most enthusiastic manner; for this the martyr returned thanks, and proposed their visitor, Mr. Weller—a gentleman whom he had not the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with, but who was the friend of Mr. John Smauker, which was a sufficient letter of recommendation to any society of gentlemen whatever, or wherever. On this account he should have been disposed to have given Mr. Weller's health with all the honors, if his friends had been drinking wine, but as they were taking spirits just by way of change, and as it might be inconvenient to enapty a tumbler at every toast, he should propose that the honors be understood.

At the conclusion of this speech everybody took a sip out of their tumblers, in honor of Sam; and Sam having ladled out and drank two full glasses of punch in honor of himself, returned thanks in a neat speech.

"Wery much obliged to you, old fellers," said Sam, ladling away at the punch in the most unembarrassed manner possible, "for this here compliment, vich comin' from sich a quarter, is wery overwhelmin'. I've heerd a good deal on you as a body, but I vill say, that I never thought you was sich uncommon nice men as I find you are. I only hope you'll take care o' yourselves, and not compromise nothin' o' your dignity, which is a wery charmin' thing to see when one's out a walkin', and has always made me wery happy to look at ever since I was a boy, about half as high as the brass headed stick o' my wery respectable friend, Blazes, there. As to the victim of oppression in the suit of brimstone, all I can say of him is, that I hope he'll get just as good a berth as he deserves; in vich case its wery little cold swarry as ever he'll be troubled with again."

Here Sam sat down with a pleasant smile, and his speech having been vociferously applauded, the company broke up.

"Vy, you don't mean to say you're a goin', old feller," said Sam Weller to his friend, Mr. John Smauker.

"I must, indeed," said Mr. Smauker—"I promised Bantam."

"Oh, wery well," said Sam; "that's another thing.—P'raps he'd resign if you disappointed him. You aint a goin', Blazes?"

"Yes I am," said the man with the cocked hat.

"Wot, and leave three quarters of a bowl of punch behind you!" said Sam; "nonsense, set down again."

"Mr. Tuckle was not proof against this invitation. He laid aside the cocked hat and stick which he had just taken up, and said he would have one glass just for good fellowship's sake.

As the gentleman in blue went home the same way as Mr. Tuckle, he was prevailed upon to stop too. When the punch was about half gone, Sam ordered in some oysters from the green grocer's shop; and the effect of both was so extremely exhilarating, that Mr. Tuckle, dressed out with the cocked hat and stick, danced the frog hornpipe among the shells on the table, while the gentleman in blue played an accompaniment upon an ingenious musical instrument formed of a hair comb and curl paper. At last, when the punch was all gone, and the night nearly so, they sallied forth to see each other home. Mr. Tuckle no sooner got into the open air, than he was seized with a sudden desire to lie on the curbstone; Sam thought it would be a pity to contradict him, and so let him have his own way.

As the cocked hat would have been spoilt if left there, Sam very considerately flattened it down on the head of the gentleman in blue, and putting the big stick in his hand, propped him up against his own street door, rang the bell, and walked quietly home.

REFLECTIONS IN A HORSE-POND.

TIME—NIGHT.

Let me consider a little where I am! My senses are beginning to clear at present, albeit my body is sticking in the mud, and seems to think of nothing less. This plunge, disagreeable as it is, has been of service to me: we should be thankful for everything, for they say "everything is for the best;" and, upon this principle, a tumble into a horse-pond may be a good. I shall, however, as certain this better to-morrow, (that is, if I ever get out of the mud,—of which I am doubtful). In the meantime I will, by way of passing the time, acknowledge my obligation. I am a regenerated creature! Thanks be to Heaven! I can see: before my tumble into these revivifying waters, my thoughts were wandering, and my sight was dazzled; now they are fixed, immovably fixed,—to this horse-pond; and I only behold one moon instead of two.

I do not exactly know how I came hither. I spent last evening with Tom Rattlebrain, Ned Flighty, and Will Scamper; we had a famous supper, and resolved to make a night of it. The weather was hot, stormy, and goblinish; it led us to tell ghost stories, which we did till our marrow froze, and our parched throats cried out, like the horse-leech's two daughters, "Give! give!" Purely to raise our courage and moisten our palates, we had a couple of bottles additionally. I recollect that after this we told some stories partaking more of the flesh than the spirit, and that at two o'clock in the morning I agreed to ride home on Daylight, hand in hand, like the fire-office insignia, with Scamper, who was mounted on Wildfire. I remember something of trying to force Daylight to cross that which I took to be a ferry. I recollect something of our dispute upon this subject, but faintly; I can only guess how the matter ended by the result,—for he is gone, and I am *here!*

I suppose I must have struggled, flopped, and floundered about a good deal before I could have been so firmly wedged in the mud as I am at this moment. The water all around me is up to my chin, and the mud beneath me is up to my knees; I have sunk considerably above my calves. I really cut a very ridiculous figure!

The first thing I remember distinctly was seeing my lighted cigar floating, fizzing, and spitting peevishly upon the water. Poor thing! it did not relish regeneration. I put out my hand to catch it; but it fizzed angrily, and floated away from me. This "was the unkindest cut of all;" and when I saw its ligh: go out, I felt as if abandoned by all the world.

It just occurs to me that I have another cause of thanksgiving: since one must sometimes fall into a horse-pond, I am grateful that it is an English one. In some countries now, those devils of the air—the birds of prey—would keep wheeling, whirling, and shrieking above my head, complimenting each other upon the good supper prepared for them, and then coolly peck out my two eyes before my face!

This idea is suggested by a somewhat uncomfortable circumstance, which, notwithstanding my patience, I cannot but be sensible of. Something—I conjecture either an eel or a rat—is gnawing at the boot on my right leg; no other animals venture so deeply into the mud. I wish I could raise my foot.

If it be a rat, he will content himself with the leather, and gnaw away till it be gone; but the eel prefers a bit of meat, and in that case is only busying himself to open his "pantry-door." Pray Heavens it be a rat!

I am a most enduring man. I remember suffering infinite misery a whole season at the house of a particular friend; I was lodged in the best bed-room, and a superb apartment it was. The bed was a magnificent one; but, to my cost, there was a flea in it,—"the last flea of summer!" Never shall I forget what I suffered from that single tormentor. I should have known it was only one, from the peculiar pungency of his bite, even if the invariable character of the mark had not also been a witness. The room had been for a long period unoccupied, save by this flea, the survivor of all his family and friends, who had died of starvation in the course of the summer. I bore it patiently enough for several nights, thinking that it was a tax to flea-manity which must be paid; but when, night after night, week after week, the same torture continued, I began to grow nervous and irritable. I sought after him diligently in the morning, but never found anything save his trail. Like Destiny, he was always to be felt, but never seen. In the night, scarcely had I torn the skin off my shoulder, ere I was imperiously called upon to apply the same remedy to my leg. I felt him hop across my hand as I raised it up; and so rapid were his movements, that he seemed to be jumping in every part of my body at once: like the Indian Apollo, he appeared to have the power of multiplying his person, and of being in fifty places at the same time. He was a single fiend "whose name was Legion." I started in anguish; shook my sheets and my shirt; called upon God, upon the devil; apostrophised the mistress of the house, and mentally sent the house-maid to the hottest place I could think of. It was all to no purpose; he seemed to have some extraordinary power of disgorging his prey and clearing his stomach, which, like Time, was always devouring,—never full. So rapidly did his constant consecutive meals of breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, and supper tread upon each other's heels, that I seemed to live twenty days in one tortured night. I longed to complain to the master of the house; but how tell him there was a flea in his best bed,—that bed in which he took such pride, and beheld with so much admiration? At length I met the housemaid on the stairs. She was as ugly as Repentance, crabbed as Chastity, and old as Mother Shipton: nevertheless, I addressed her as "My dear little girl!" gave her a kiss and a piece of money, and entreated her to kill the fleas in my bed. The next day I met her, and she said, "There bean't no fleas in your bed as now, sir." Alas! I knew that,—there was but one; and he was a flea of Fate, beyone her power to destroy. Still the torture went on; still did I lie, night after night, miserable, feverish, sleepless, pinched, torn, and tortured in every part of my burning skin. At length, considering the enormous power possessed by my tormentor, his divisibility, his infallibility, I came at last to the conclusion that it was no living flea that thus distracted and disturbed me, but the ghost of some starved tenant of former times, who was allowed this recreation to make amends for past sufferings. This idea once established, I knew that I had no hope; I had nothing for it but to fly: so I went to my friend, declared (to his astonishment) my intention, and when hard pressed for my reason, painfully and reluctantly gave it. "A flea!" shouted he in a voice between displeasure and mirth, "A flea—and in that bed!—*the man must have brought it!*" Now was not this too much? I thought my heart would have broken. I, who have endured so much—I, who have suffered torture in silence for six long weeks, to be accused of having brought that alderman of fleas with me! It was beyond human nature to bear. I burst from his presence, packed up my clothes, and, though I am a very good-tempered man, have not seen that friend since. I can never forgive his accusation—I can never forget what I suffered! As I call to mind that burning sorrow, I take comfort in the knowledge that I am standing up to my neck in a horse-pond!

Thank you, gentle lady moon! I am grateful for any kind of attention, even though it should be of no use to me; but yours is. I wish I was a poet now!—I could make something of this scenery. I have read a good deal about "moonlight on the waters;" but I never was so near its dancing beams before. The devil take this rat—how he nibbles! My boots are new—a hole in them at least! There's a villainous odor that comes over me from some part of the horse-pond, "at which my nose is in great indignation." It strikes me, also, from something uncomfortable in my stomach, that in my plunge I must have swallowed a good allowance of Mark Anthony's liquor.—(See Shakspeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Act 1, scene 4.) The bare idea is enough to make me faint;—only who would be fool enough to faint in a horse-pond?

I have been in my life several times taken in, besides to-night, by these waters.

Thank you again, dear gracious moon! She's very bright just now. There is a large tract of blue in the heavens over which, for at least the next twenty minutes, she may travel without being "capped by a cloud;" so I shall have time to look around me. I am nearly in the centre of the pond; the water is perfectly tranquil, except when it looks against my chin, disturbed by the movement of my head. Lord help me! suppose I should die here!—as, if nobody come to my assistance, I certainly shall.

On my first ascertaining the character of my position, recollecting that horse-ponds are generally in the neighborhood of towns or farms, I hallooed so lustily that I found my voice grow husky; so I determined to reserve it for a better occasion—I mean in case any persons should approach.—Heaven send them! This would be a comfortless bed to die in!

A huge frog has just discovered me, and he sits amongst the weeds below the opposite bank croaking out his speculations as to what I can be. He stares earnestly; so do I. He takes my eye for a challenge—he is a frog of courage, however, for he plunges into the water, swims towards me, and plants himself directly opposite to my face. He croaks; I answer very naturally, for the water has qualified my voice. The frog stares again: "The voice is the voice of Esau, but the form is Jacob's." Now he very gravely swims entirely round my head, and then again plants himself in front. I laugh aloud; he backs a little. I open my eyes very wide at him: he returns the compliment. My chin splashes the water about him; he takes fright and disappears.

Hark! there are certainly footsteps in the neighborhood. Halloo!—ough!—ah!—mercy upon me! my voice is quite gone, and I shall be compelled to live in this horse-pond the remainder of my days. Who will feed *me*, I wonder? the rat will not be so civil to me as the ravens were to Elijah; and I have affronted the frog. Ha! the footsteps come nearer—and nearer. 'Tis a man—I see him—a groom—I'll call. Hallo-o-k!—mik!—crook!

"D—n your croaking soul!" quoth the vagabond; and he flings a huge stone at my head.

Despair and distraction! what shall I do? Die? No, that's cowardly: I'll live bravely; that is, if I can. The fellow is gone, and "I am all alone!" Alone! What do I hear? Voices—yes; they come—most sweet voices. A gentleman and the rascally groom aforesaid.

"You have not dragged this pond to-night," says the master.

"Indeed, sir, we did,—from one end of it to the other," replies the fellow; "see how the weeds are disturbed."

"You lie, you rascal! you did not, or you would have found me there," said I.

"Heighday!" cried the master, "what have we here?"

"A gentleman in distress."

"I should think so; but how came you in this pond?"

"I'll tell you when I am out."

"Help, all of you, fellows!" says the gentleman. "Now, sir, hold fast. I was in search of a drunken uncle who had escaped from his servants. Pull away, boys!—I expected to find him in this horse-pond, and I discover a sober gentleman in his place."

N. B. I did not think it necessary to rectify this latter mistake. MAX.

Bentley's Miscellany for May, edited by "Boz."

THE PROTESTED NOTE.

A PARODY ON THE "BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE."

Not a dollar we saw—nor a single note,
As fast through the streets we hurried—
Not a friend from his *locker* would lend us a *shot*,
And we felt confoundedly flurried.

We "shinned" it hard at the middle of day,
The alleys and corners turning,
Neath the heated rays of an April sun,
With our flushed cheek hotly burning.

Many and long were the prayers that we made,
And our face bore the impress of sorrow—
But the brokers to lend us we saw were afraid,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow!

No useless pity disturbed their breast—
Self-interest only had bound them,
And we envied the shavers taking their rest,
With their stock-certificates round them.

We thought as we went from the street to the dock—
('Twas now half-past two—we ran fast—)
How the holders of our paper would bear the shock
When they heard we'd *laid over* at last!

Darkly they'd talk of the merchant that's "gone,"
And over his protests upbraid him—
But little he'd "stopped" if he could have "gone on,"
And his debtors had duly paid him.

But half the needful funds we had raised.
When the clock struck the hour of fate—
And we knew by the *Notary's* heavy step,
That, alas! it was now too late!

Slowly and sadly we gazed on our note,
As payment he sternly demanded—
And we brushed away a rising tear,
And took the "protest" he handed.

AN EASTERN LONGBOW.

"Ah! master Jocko is a character," replied Templeton: "his sagacity and cunning are beyond all credence; his knowing is not confined to the mere vulgar instinct of the brute creation. I have had him many years, and am fully persuaded that he has more than a smattering of many useful sciences. The circumstances under which I took him prisoner from his native wilds displayed most evidently an intuitive knowledge of the medicinal virtue of herbs, and of the art of preparing and applying them. I must give you an account of his capture; it's really an interesting story, and worth recording. I have often thought of sending a statement of the facts to the Asiatic Society.—Some years since I was marching through Rajhmahal, and in the evening having nothing better to do, I wandered out with my gun over my shoulder, and in a mango *top* I wantonly shot at an impertinent little monkey, who was making faces at me from the bough of a tree. Although he was plainly damaged, he did not fall, but skulked off very briskly, and I thought no more of him. Well, gentlemen, it so happened that the next morning I walked through the same *top*, and, observing something red up one of the trees, I called immediately for my gun, expecting to make a rare and valuable addition to my collection of natural history, which was then by far the finest in India."

"*Nota bene*," said Garlic aside: "Templeton never in his life collected anything but thumping improbabilities and overdrawn embellishments. The present *rara avis* (I have been favored with fifty varieties of it) is a fair specimen of his museum."

"I couldn't exactly make out what sort of an animal it was," continued Templeton, after eyeing the bye-play rather suspiciously, "but I shot at it, and down came the grinning young sinner that I had shot at the day before, plump on the ground before me; the very same monkey, gentlemen; and, lo and behold! strange as it may appear, it's a truth, he had a piece of red *kurwar* (coarse cloth) tied over his rump. Ah, you may smile; but upon my veracity, gentlemen, it's no more than the fact. And, stay a minute, that's not all: curiosity induced me to untie the young rascal's cloth, and, by the prophet, there was a *nime* poultice applied to the small shot-wound. Ay, gentlemen, on the word of a soldier, just as good a *nime* poultice as ever was made by human hands. I even picked out some of the shot, in order that there should be no mistake about it, and truly it was all correct: No. 6, the very shot that I had been shooting with the day before, and No. 4, with which I had just brought him down."

"Well, that's an uncommon good story, Templeton," said Bridges; "but might not the monkey have belonged to some native, who had, perchance, learnt the art of making a *nime* poultice?"

"Out of the question, my dear fellow; utterly impossible: deuce a house or hut was there within twelve miles of the place. No, there's no way of misunderstanding the thing; I am ready, as Juvenal says, *etiam impendere vero*, to stake my life upon the truth of it: that monkey plucked the *nime* leaves, and boiled the poultice himself, there's not a doubt of it."

Bacon.

EXTRAORDINARY PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

Townsend and Drinkwater.

The match between Townsend and Drinkwater, to pick up 300 stones, a yard apart, the former with his mouth, and the latter with his hands, for £100 a-side, came off on Monday, May 8, in Lord's Ground, according to appointment, and excited great interest among the admirers of athletic exercises. The celebrity of Townsend as a pedestrian has been sufficiently established by the performance of not less than two hundred and ten matches, in which, with few exceptions, he has been victorious, and has thus established for himself the well-deserved title of "the Champion of living pedestrians." His exertions have been called into action in almost every variety of running or walking; and we believe there is no man in England of the present day who possesses the powers of endurance in so remarkable a degree, although in short distances, in running, no doubt he has his superiors; taking him for his general properties, however, there is no question he stands unrivalled, and more especially when his age is considered, for in June next he will have attained his 15th year. His last trying match previous to that we are about to describe, was his race to Brighton against Berry, which, it will be recollected, he won triumphantly.

In the present case he was backed against a man doubtless of greater speed, but in lasting qualities his inferior. Drinkwater is a Lancashire man, of great celebrity in the north, but not much known in London, except from the fame he has acquired nearer home. His matches near London have been confined to a mile race with an old man styled "Bacon's Man," at Bromley, which he lost under unfavorable circumstances, and his recent match against time, noticed in our last, when, under the patronage of the Marquis of Waterford, he ran four miles in twenty-one minutes and some few seconds—a pace almost unparalleled in human speed. His age, we believe, is six-and-twenty, his stature is short, about five feet four inches and a half, and his form symmetrical; but, to look at him, few would give him credit for the fleetness which he has displayed. He is a quiet, unassuming man, and speaks with a broad Lancashire dialect. Townsend has an advantage in height of about an inch, but exhibits a frame of superior muscular development, and although longer in the body he is shorter in the leg, and necessarily shorter in the stride. Drinkwater was principally backed by his Sheffield friends, who came up with him, and evinced great confidence in his powers. Townsend, who is engaged as a gasfighter in the Westminster Gas Company, was backed by his Westminster friends in small sums each; and such is the confidence of those persons in his honesty and stamina, that had twice the amount been required, it could have been obtained. His pride is equal to his abilities, and his ambition such, that for the merest trifle he would be willing to undertake the most Herculean labors. He is about to publish a history of his various matches, with their results, accompanied with a portrait of himself; the contents of which will, no doubt, be considered not only curious, but highly valuable to the lovers of athletic exercises, and ought to be a source of great profit to himself and family, which comprises a wife and two sons, the latter "chips of the old block."

Soon after the match was made, Townsend went into training, under the care of Fuller, at Ned Neal's, at Norwood, and a more healthful situation, or a more watchful trainer could not have been obtained. Here he practised his forthcoming feat by doing short distances, but in one of his trials sprained the sinew of his right leg just above the ancle, which for some time created alarm for his success; the application of leeches, however, reduced the inflammation, and in order to keep his frame in healthful exercise, he labored for several days in digging a tank. Towards the arrival of the important period, it was thought he had gained too much flesh, and under the advice of Fuller and Neal, he took two severe sweats, on Friday and Saturday; the beneficial effects were obvious, and on the Sunday, on coming to town, he was, to use his own phrase, "as right as a trivet." He slept at Tom Spring's that night, and rose in the morning with the vigor of a lion, although slightly affected with a cold. Drinkwater did not arrive in town till some time after the match had been made, but had been taking due care of himself preparatory to his four miles match. He took up his quarters at Child's Hall, Hampstead, where he lost no chance in fitting himself for the struggle in which he was about to engage, the result of which he fully anticipated would be in his favor, relying, as he did, upon his great speed; for, according to his own friends, he had never before attempted to pick up three hundred stones, nor had he gone at any one time the calculated distance, namely, 51 miles and 540 yards, to which, by computation, the frequent going and returning to fetch the stones would amount. His Yorkshire friends were not less confident than himself, but they did not come out freely in betting till the very eve of his labors, refusing to give the odds, 2 to 1, which Townsend's backers required. The first bet laid of any importance was one of 60*l.* to 40*l.* that the distance was not completed in eight hours and a half, from whence it was inferred that the Yorkshire men deemed it very improbable that Townsend could accomplish it in that time, whatever might have been their opinion of their own man, who of course would have been prevented from reaching that sped with the view of securing the 40*l.* unless driven to it to win the match by the close pressure of his antagonist. On Sunday night, at Spring's, Townsend's friends finding they could not get on upon their own terms, reduced their demands for odds, and a great number of bets were taken at the odds 6 to 5, 5 to 4, 6 to 4, and 7 to 4, which, on the morning of the start, were increased to 2 to 1.

Lord's Ground, we have stated, was the scene of action, and as this area is surrounded by a hard gravel path, admirably calculated for the purpose, with the advantage of being enclosed, ample scope was afforded for the accommodation of spectators. Mr. Dark, the proprietor, had taken every pains to secure the proper safeguards to prevent interruption, as well as to afford proper rooms for the refreshment of the men. The whole of the path over which the men had to run was enclosed by ropes, firmly fixed to stout posts, outside of which the spectators kept, while the umpires only, of whom eight on each side were chosen, were distributed at intervals within, to see that the stones were not disturbed and fairly picked up. The ground had been accurately measured on Saturday, but on Monday morning at an early hour a further and more satisfactory measurement took place by means of a piece of wood, an exact yard in length, which was laid down yard after yard, and scratches were made to indicate the spots on which the stones were to be placed, which were afterwards whitened to render them distinct. As the scratch was made beyond the measure, it was found by this gradual increase, that at the end of the distance nearly two feet upon the whole distance of three hundred yards had been gained. The stones were deposited on the crown of the path, the first, on the right hand side, being close to the billiard-room, near to the entrance of the ground, under which a room with a bed in it was prepared for the man who started on that side. These were carried round to the top of the ground nearly fronting the tavern, where the last stone was deposited. A space of five yards was then left vacant, and then commenced the deposit of the stones on the other side, which were carried round behind the pavilion to the corner of the wall of some of the out-buildings connected with the Tavern premises. The paths were swept with a hand-brush as the stones were laid down, and the Cricketer's room at the back of the pavilion was set apart for the man to whom that course was assigned, a bed being laid down, and a fire lit.

At eight o'clock the men arrived, and for the first time saw each other. They shook hands good humoredly, Townsend saying he had beaten many Lancashire men before, and he saw no reason why he should not do so again. They then went over the ground, from an inspection of which it was obvious that the more favorable ground was to the right, especially for Townsend, who had to go down upon his right knee to pick up his stones with his mouth, and who, by keeping the inner side of the circle, would not only have found it more convenient to stoop, but would thereby have been enabled to shorten his distance, besides which it was more open, as the other path came between a high wall and the pavilion, and included a short ascent by the pavilion railing, which, when distressed, it would have been desirable to avoid. On discussing the choice of ground, Townsend candidly confessed his predilection, but as this could not be agreed upon, it was arranged to toss, and Drinkwater having won, chose the more advantageous path to the right. So far the preliminaries were adjusted: after which two baskets (butter flasks) were placed within a yard of the two last stones next the tavern, from whence it was agreed the labors should commence, and into which each stone was to be fairly thrown, and if it fell out, to be again picked up and replaced by the men. It was then agreed that at the sound of the pavilion bell each should commence his labors: stop-watches were set to ascertain the precise time. The umpires and referee, with the friends on both sides, having done justice to a substantial breakfast, at half-past ten all was in readiness. The morning and day throughout was far from favorable, being gloomy, and attended with occasional showers. This was to be regretted, as the admission money, at a shilling each, was thereby greatly diminished, and did not exceed 50*l.* 10*s.*, which it was agreed should be equally divided between the two men and Mr. Dark, for the use of the ground. The company, if not numerous, was highly respectable, and included many noblemen and gentlemen of high rank. Drinkwater's stones were small round pebbles, about the size of a pigeon's egg, and Townsend's, which had been picked up on Brighton beach, were rather long, and were fixed on their ends, so as to afford him greater facility in taking them up in his mouth.

Precisely at fifteen minutes after ten o'clock, according to the stop-watches, the men were brought to their starting points. Both were attired in elastic cotton shirts; Drinkwater wearing drawers, and Townsend nankeen "smalls," with a small cushion of leather on his right knee, so fixed as not to impede the action of the limb. Neither wore stockings; but each had light shoes and caps, Townsend's of flannel, trimmed with blue ribbon. On the bell tolling they commenced their labors, each pursuing a different plan. Drinkwater seemed to have made up his mind to take up each stone in regular succession from the first, thus lengthening his distance in every turn, and only in one instance did he deviate from this resolution, when he went forward and picked up a stone about midway. His pace was extremely rapid, and his step a full yard at each stride. Clearing the way as he went, he kept the crown of the path, and soon diminished his portion of stones of 100, including the distant one to which we have referred, accomplishing this part of his labor in forty-two minutes and a half.—Townsend adopted a more prudent, and as it afterwards turned out, a wiser course, for after clearing away and depositing a few stones near the basket, he started off while yet vigorous, for more distant ones, and this course he pursued

for several stones in succession; he then lessened his distance, and picked up stones at various points nearer home, as his wind appeared to serve him, and again, shot out for the outsiders. By this mode he varied his labors according to circumstances, and put aside all calculations as to time or distance. His pace was rapid and steady, sometimes running, and sometimes walking; but throughout in high spirits. He kept close to the inner side of the path as he journeyed forwards and backwards; and in taking up the stones with his mouth dropped on his right knee, placed both hands on the ground, took the stones between his lips, and on rising took them in his hand. When Drinkwater had bagged 100 stones, Townsend had but deposited 47 of various distances; but many of these had been "long trots." At the end of one hour and three quarters, Drinkwater had picked up 164 stones, and then retired to his room, and stopped eight minutes, for refreshment. Townsend made no stoppage, but kept on "the even tenor of his way," having, at the end of three hours, picked up 103 stones, while in three hours and ten minutes Drinkwater had placed 200 in the basket.

At this period, it was calculated, we think, erroneously, that Drinkwater was four or five miles ahead, and two and three to one on his success were freely offered, although not so freely taken, as it was observed that Townsend went rather lame, and, in fact, he had strained his right leg in going down for the second stone, and admitted that he felt its effects, although he still trudged on cheerfully, and soon took off "the limp." At ten minutes after two o'clock, having picked up 211 stones, Drinkwater began to show symptoms of distress, the distance began to tell upon him, and his early vigor and elasticity were much diminished. He again retired to his room, where he remained eighteen minutes.—Townsend still "kept moving," taking his refreshment freely—tea and occasionally a little beer—as he travelled. He changed his shoes twice, sitting on a chair in the open air, and never once entered the room prepared for him, where his wife was ready with a change of dress, if required; and, indeed, with the exception of sitting down for five minutes near the basket to drink some tea, he made no stoppage whatever, although he repeatedly varied his pace from a run to a walk. At twelve minutes to four the veteran had picked up 55 of his most distant stones, and this brought him almost in a straight line for the remainder of his labour, which was 146 yards in extent, with 125 stones to pick up, 21 of the nearest stones to the basket having, at intervals, in breathing time, been picked up and carried home. This event was announced by loud cheers. When Drinkwater again came out, he had 80 stones at the long distances to pick up, and every one he lifted lengthened his succeeding runs. The policy of old Townsend's tack was obvious. He had not only got over the greater part of his task but instead of increasing, he gradually decreased his labors; and as his powers of his runs short and long as he found his strength suggest. When Townsend had 102 stones at comparatively short distances to pick up, Drinkwater had 47 long distances to fetch. Ordinary calculation at once shewed the advantage of the "old un." The Yorkshiremen "dropped down on their luck," and there were no more odds offered, nor bets to be obtained, to the great mortification of Townsend's backers, who began to lament that their confidence had not been better displayed, as they lost the opportunity of picking a few hundreds that the "northerns" would have willingly sported. At the end of six hours and a quarter, Townsend had but 88 stones left, while Drinkwater had 10, and thenceforth Townsend was the favorite at any price. The friends of Drinkwa- astonishing quickness and heart; but he was frequently obliged to drop into a walk. Townsend saw this, and said he might walk also, and he was now sure his number to 23, and these were immediately behind the Pavilion. He was reminded of the bet of 60 to 40 against his accomplishing his work within the eight hours and a half. "How much time have I left?" asked he. "Forty-five minutes," was the answer. "Then it's all right," said he, "I could do this and walk it." Precisely at the end of eight hours a distant shout proclaimed that Drinkwater had given in. He was coming up with his last stone, but was so much exhausted that it became necessary to support him to the basket, from whence he was carried into his room, completely worn out and incapable of further effort.

Townsend betrayed but trifling symptoms of fatigue, and was highly elated at the certainty of success. His friends cheered, and the pressure of the crowd became imminent. At last he took home his last stone but one, having twelve minutes to spare of the eight hours and a half, when, turning round, he said, "I suppose it will make no difference, if I walk for the last backwards," and he actually walked several paces in that way. In a few seconds less than eight hours and 19 minutes he had finished his Herculean work, and was immediately hailed with enthusiastic cheers, and conveyed to the Pavilion, where he received the congratulations of his wife and sons, only blaming the former for not selling his pigs as he had desired her, in order that he might have laid out their value on the match. He laid down for a short time, and took some refreshment; but he was impatient to receive the meed of public approbation—dressed, and proceeded to Mr. Dark's long room where a large party was assembled, and where he ate a hearty dinner of cold roast-beef, offering them to back himself to stand upon one leg for one hour, a task which he was to have performed at Mr. Borer's, in Fetter-lane, but which his friends from humanity would not permit him to undertake. The same night he proceeded to Tom Spring's, and at three o'clock in the morning returned home, where in the course of the same day he was seen looking after his gas lamps. Drinkwater was some time before he was "himself again," and the Yorkshiremen candidly admitted they had miscalculated his powers for a long distance, although from one to five miles they are prepared to back him for any sum against any man in England, the money being ready at Richmond's. The Westminster men have "picked up their crumbs" pretty considerably; but we suspect the Yorkshiremen have dropped their "sine qua non," to a heavy tune, at more places than in London. Had Townsend's friends been more confident they might have won "hats full of pewter." The weather continued unpropitious throughout the day, and latterly was attended with rain, which prevented many from witnessing the conclusion of the sport.

The match money will be given up at Tom Spring's on Wednesday evening, and all bets paid, on which occasion it is to be hoped the veteran will receive substantial proofs of the "golden opinions" to which he has entitled himself—Drinkwater has, at least, the satisfaction of having done his best, and of this his friends are fully satisfied.

Bell's Life in London, May 14, 1837.

FLY-FISHING.

"You'll take the creel, and I'll take the gad,
Will ye go tay the fishing, young lad?"—OLD SONG.

FLY-FISHING—with how many delightful ideas is the word associated! Who that has ever handled the "long rod," hears Fly-fishing named, in a populous city, on a lovely April day, wavering between sun-shine and shower, without thinking of scenes and objects that gladden the heart of man? The source of the favorite trout stream is near the top of a heath-clad hill, on whose side a thousand unweaned lambs are sporting when the angler first sallies forth to the waters on the return of spring; and within a week of his killing his first creel-full for the season, he hears the note of the cuckoo as he is making his way to the stream. As the welcome sound salutes his ear, he not forgetful of the superstitions of his boyhood—mechanically thrusts his hand into his pocket, and finds that it contains both money and a knife—three and sixpence and an old "Wharncliffe" which he bought at Sheffield, when "George the *Fourth* was King;" the omen is lucky—he will neither want money nor sport for a twelvemonth to come.

But descending with the stream into a more level country, what sees the Angler there at a more advanced period of the season? Fair-skinned maidens—if he be in Scotland—paddling in a tub by the side a burn, with their petticoats kilted—like Jenny's in the old song—a "*foot* above their knee." On the low, fertile haughs he sees fields of corn just beginning to ear, and of meadow just ready for the scythe of the mower. Trees and bushes are now in full leaf; birds are singing in every wood and brake, and myriads of "insect youth" are glancing to and fro above the surface of the water, from which every now and then a hungry trout rises and shortens the span of an ephemera, by swallowing it an hour or two before it would have died a natural death under the alders by the side of the stream.

The flower on the elder bush and the less frequent song of the thrush and the blackbird indicate that midsummer is approaching, when the sheep-washing for a while interrupts the sport of the angler, and either sends him far away up among the hills to try for trout unsickened by the tar of the fleece, or causes him for a while to lay aside his rod to visit a relation or a friend at the town of Wherewewill, and to sport a "pony" at the races.

In July the water is generally too clear and too low—except in hilly districts where there is rain every other day—to allow of regular fly-fishing; but towards the end of the month or the beginning of August, when the streams, under the influence of St. Swithin, suddenly swell from bank to brae, grilse are caught towards their source, and now and then a salmon rewards the angler's perseverance. When wheat is full ripe salmon begin to be in full roe; and when the corn is cut and stacked the angler lays aside his rod and creel for the season. As he is returning to his quarters on the conclusion of his last day's sport, he finds that Simon Brown, the farmer of Nether-haugh—where he has often taken an early breakfast on his way up the stream—is about to keep his "kirn supper;" and being pressed to stay and partake, he agrees; and gives one of the salmon which he has caught to mend the fare. At supper he takes his place at Simon's board end, and after it is over—as he is a bachelor—he joins the dance, a country one of course, in the barn, with the farmer's daughter as a partner. In the morning, after breakfast and "calker," he takes his way homeward; and for a week after he finds himself humming the chorus of one of Oswald's old songs.

"Dear Betty, dear Betty, dear Betty Brown!"

Though April in mild seasons generally affords the fly-fisher good sport, yet the cold wintry weather that we have had during the greater part of the present month, has almost entirely prevented the pleasurable exercise of the "gen-

EXTRAORDINARY PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

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At eight o'clock the men arrived, and for the first time saw each other. They shook hands good humoredly, Townsend saying he had beaten many Lancashire men before, and he saw no reason why he should not do so again. They then went over the ground, from an inspection of which it was obvious that the more favorable ground was to the right, especially for Townsend, who had to go down upon his right knee to pick up his stones with his mouth, and who, by keeping the inner side of the circle, would not only have found it more convenient to stoop, but would thereby have been enabled to shorten his distance, besides which it was more open, as the other path came between a high wall and the pavilion, and included a short ascent by the pavilion railing, which, when distressed, it would have been desirable to avoid. On discussing the choice of ground, Townsend candidly confessed his predilection, but as this could not be agreed upon, it was arranged to toss, and Drinkwater having won, chose the more advantageous path to the right. So far the preliminaries were adjusted; after which two baskets (butter flasks) were placed within a yard of the two last stones next the tavern, from whence it was agreed the labors should commence, and into which each stone was to be fairly thrown, and if it fell out, to be again picked up and replaced by the men. It was then agreed that at the sound of the pavilion bell each should commence his labors: stop-watches were set to ascertain the precise time. The umpires and referee, with the friends on both sides, having done justice to a substantial breakfast, at half-past ten all was in readiness. The morning and day throughout was far from favorable, being gloomy, and attended with occasional showers. This was to be regretted, as the admission money, at a shilling each, was thereby greatly diminished, and did not exceed 51*l.* 10*s.*, which it was agreed should be equally divided between the two men and Mr. Dark, for the use of the ground. The company, if not numerous, was highly respectable, and included many noblemen and gentlemen of high rank. Drinkwater's stones were small round pebbles, about the size of a pigeon's egg, and Townsend's, which had been picked up on Brighton beach, were rather long, and were fixed on their ends, so as to afford him greater facility in taking them up in his mouth.

Precisely at fifteen minutes after ten o'clock, according to the stop-watches, the men were brought to their starting points. Both were attired in elastic cotton shirts: Drinkwater wearing drawers, and Townsend nankeen "smalls," with a small cushion of leather on his right knee, so fixed as not to impede the action of the limb. Neither wore stockings; but each had light shoes and caps, Townsend's of flannel, trimmed with blue ribbon. On the bell tolling they commenced their labors, each pursuing a different plan. Drinkwater seemed to have made up his mind to take up each stone in regular succession from the first, thus lengthening his distance in every turn, and only in one instance did he deviate from this resolution, when he went forward and picked up a stone about midway. His pace was extremely rapid, and his step a full yard at each stride. Clearing the way as he went, he kept the crown of the path, and soon diminished his portion of stones of 100, including the distant one to which we have referred, accomplishing this part of his labor in forty-two minutes and a half.—Townsend adopted a more prudent, and as it afterwards turned out, a wiser course, for after clearing away and depositing a few stones near the basket, he started off while yet vigorous, for more distant ones, and this course he pursued for several stones in succession; he then lessened his distance, and picked up stones at various points nearer home, as his wind appeared to serve him, and again shot out for the outsiders. By this mode he varied his labors according to circumstances, and put aside all calculations as to time or distance. His pace was rapid and steady, sometimes running, and sometimes walking; but throughout in high spirits. He kept close to the inner side of the path as he journeyed forwards and backwards; and in taking up the stones with his mouth dropped on his right knee, placed both hands on the ground, took the stones between his lips, and on rising took them in his hand. When Drinkwater had bagged 100 stones, Townsend had but deposited 17 of various distances; but many of these had been "long trots." At the end of one hour and three quarters, Drinkwater had picked up 164 stones, and then retired to his room, and stopped eight minutes, for refreshment. Townsend made no stoppage, but kept on "the even tenor of his way," having, at the end of three hours, picked up 103 stones, while in three hours and ten minutes Drinkwater had placed 200 in the basket.

At this period, it was calculated, we think, erroneously, that Drinkwater was four or five miles ahead, and two and three to one on his success were freely offered, although not so freely taken, as it was observed that Townsend went rather lame, and, in fact, he had strained his right leg in going down for the second long stone, and admitted that he felt its effects, although he still trudged on cheerfully, and soon took off "the limp." At ten minutes after two o'clock, having picked up 211 stones, Drinkwater began to show symptoms of distress, the distance began to tell upon him, and his early vigor and elasticity were much diminished. He again retired to his room, where he remained eight ten minutes.—Townsend still "kept moving," taking his refreshment freely—tea and occasionally a little beer—as he travelled. He changed his shoes twice, sitting on a chair in the open air, and never once entered the room prepared for him, where his wife was ready with a change of dress, if required; and, indeed, with the exception of sitting down for five minutes near the basket to drink some tea, he made no stoppage whatever, although he repeatedly varied his pace from a run to a walk. At twelve minutes to four the veteran had picked up 55 of his most distant stones, and this brought him almost in a straight line for the remainder of his labour, which was 146 yards in extent, with 125 stones to pick up, 21 of the stones nearest the basket having, at intervals, in breathing time, been picked up and carried home. This event was announced by loud cheers. When Drinkwater again came out, he had 80 stones at the long distances to pick up, and every one he lifted lengthened his succeeding runs. The policy of old Townsend's tack was obvious. He had not only got over the greater part of his task but instead of increasing, he gradually decreased his labors; and as his powers diminished, his task became diminished in proportion. He still kept dividing his runs short and long as he found his strength suggest. When Townsend had 102 stones at comparatively short distances to pick up, Drinkwater had 47 long distances to fetch. Ordinary calculation at once shewed the advantage of the "old un." The Yorkshiremen "dropped down on their luck," and there were no more odds offered, nor bets to be obtained, to the great mortification of Townsend's backers, who began to lament that their confidence had not been better displayed, as they lost the opportunity of picking a few hundreds that the "northerns" would have willingly sported. At the end of six hours and a quarter, Townsend had but 88 stones left, while Drinkwater had 10, and thenceforth Townsend was the favorite at any price. The friends of Drinkwater now urged him to increase his speed, and the young man certainly ran with astonishing quickness and heart; but he was frequently obliged to drop into a walk. Townsend saw this, and said he might walk also, and he was now sure of giving the Lancashire men another tie up. At last Townsend had reduced his number to 23, and these were immediately behind the Pavilion. He was reminded of the bet of 60 to 40 against his accomplishing his work within the eight hours and a half. "How much time have I left?" asked he. "Forty-five minutes," was the answer. "Then it's all right," said he, "I could do this and walk it." Precisely at the end of eight hours a distant shout proclaimed that Drinkwater had given in. He was coming up with his last stone, but was so much exhausted that it became necessary to support him to the basket, from whence he was carried into his room, completely worn out and incapable of further effort.

Townsend betrayed but trifling symptoms of fatigue, and was highly elated at the certainty of success. His friends cheered, and the pressure of the crowd became immense. At last he took home his last stone but one, having twelve minutes to spare of the eight hours and a half, when, turning round, he said, "I suppose it will make no difference, if I walk for the last backwards," and he actually walked several paces in that way. In a few seconds less than eight hours and 19 minutes he had finished his Herculean work, and was immediately hailed with enthusiastic cheers, and conveyed to the Pavilion, where he received the congratulations of his wife and sons, only blaming the former for not selling his pigs as he had desired her, in order that he might have had out their value on the match. He laid down for a short time, and took some refreshment; but he was impatient to receive the meed of public approbation—dressed, and proceeded to Mr. Dark's long room where a large party was assembled, and where he ate a hearty dinner of cold roast-beef, offering them to back himself to stand upon one leg for one hour, a task which he was to have performed at Mr. Borer's, in Fetter-lane, but which his friends from humanity would not permit him to undertake. The same night he proceeded to Tom Spring's, and at three o'clock in the morning returned home, where in the course of the same day he was seen looking after his gas lamps. Drinkwater was some time before he was "himself again," and the Yorkshiremen candidly admitted they had miscalculated his powers for a long distance, although from one to five miles they are prepared to back him for any sum against any man in England, the money being ready at Richmond's. The Westminster men have "picked up their crumbs" pretty considerably; but we suspect the Yorkshiremen have dropped their "sine qua non," to a heavy tune, at more places than in London. Had Townsend's friends been more confident they might have won "hats full of pewter." The weather continued unpropitious throughout the day, and latterly was attended with rain, which prevented many from witnessing the conclusion of the sport.

The match money will be given up at Tom Spring's on Wednesday evening, and all bets paid, on which occasion it is to be hoped the veteran will receive substantial proofs of the "golden opinions" to which he has entitled himself.—Drinkwater has, at least, the satisfaction of having done his best, and of this his friends are fully satisfied.

Bell's Life in London, May 14, 1837.

FLY-FISHING.

"Ye'll take the creel, and I'll take the graf,—
Will ye go tty the fishing, young lad?"—Old Song.

Fly-fishing—with how many delightful ideas is the word associated! Who that has ever handled the "long rod," bears Fly-fishing named, in a populous city, on a lovely April day, wavering between sun-shine and shower, without thinking of scenes and objects that gladden the heart of man? The source of the favorite trout stream is near the top of a heath-clad hill, on whose side a thousand unweaned lambs are sporting when the angler first sallies forth to the waters on the return of spring; and within a week of his killing his first creel-full for the season, he hears the note of the cuckoo as he is making his way to the stream. As the welcome sound salutes his ear, he not forgetful of the superstitions of his boyhood—mechanically thrusts his hand into his pocket, and finds that it contains both money and a knife—three and sixpence and an old "Wharncliffe" which he bought at Sheffield, when "George the *Fourth* was King;" the omen is lucky—he will neither want money nor sport for a twelvemonth to come.

But descending with the stream into a more level country, what sees the Angler there at a more advanced period of the season? Fair-skinned maidens—if he be in Scotland—paddling in a tub by the side a burn, with their petticoats kilted—like Jenny's in the old song—a "*foot* above their knee." On the low, fertile haughs he sees fields of corn just beginning to ear, and of meadow just ready for the scythe of the mower. Trees and bushes are now in full leaf; birds are singing in every wood and brake, and myriads of "insect youth" are glancing to and fro above the surface of the water, from which every now and then a hungry trout rises and shortens the span of an ephemera, by swallowing it an hour or two before it would have died a natural death under the alders by the side of the stream.

The flower on the elder bush and the less frequent song of the thrush and the blackbird indicate that midsummer is approaching, when the sheep-washing for a while interrupts the sport of the angler, and either sends him far away up the hills to try for trout unsickened by the tar of the fleece, or causes him for a while to lay aside his rod to visit a relation or a friend at the town of Whereyewill, and to sport a "pony" at the races.

In July the water is generally too clear and too low—except in hilly districts where there is rain every other day—to allow of regular fly-fishing; but towards the end of the month or the beginning of August, when the streams, under the influence of St. Swithin, suddenly swell from bank to brae, grilse are caught towards their source, and now and then a salmon rewards the angler's perseverance. When wheat is full ripe salmon begin to be in full roe; and when the corn is cut and stacked the angler lays aside his rod and creel for the season. As he is returning to his quarters on the conclusion of his last day's sport, he finds that Simon Brown, the farmer of Nether-haugh—where he has often taken an early breakfast on his way up the stream—is about to keep his "kirn supper;" and being pressed to stay and partake, he agrees; and gives one of the salmon which he has caught to mend the fare. At supper he takes his place at Simon's board end, and after it is over—as he is a bachelor—he joins the dance, a country one of course, in the barn, with the farmer's daughter as a partner. In the morning, after breakfast and "calker," he takes his way homeward; and for a week after he finds himself humming the chorus of one of Oswald's old songs.

"Dear Betty, dear Betty, dear Betty Brown!"

Though April in mild seasons generally affords the fly-fisher good sport, yet the cold wintry weather that we have had during the greater part of the present month, has almost entirely prevented the pleasurable exercise of the "gentle art." As spring this year seems to be postponed till the usual period of summer, the best season for the trout-fisher is yet to come. Though the rod fishers for salmon at Kelso had very good sport about the latter end of February and the beginning of March, the trout-fishers on the Border have had but little success during the present month. There have been no reports of well-filled creels from the Glen, the Bowment, the Kail, or the Jed. Few brethren of the rod have yet taken up their quarters at the Angler's Inn at Weldon-bridge, by "bonny Coquet side." The Hull anglers have scarcely yet ventured as far as Driffield to try a cast in its far-famed becks. The Sheffield lads have not yet tinged their steel with the blood of the Derwent trouts; and the streams and lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland are yet unthrashed by the fly-fishers of Manchester and Liverpool. A few early anglers from London—who "venture ere the swallow dares"—have already had a "whip" at the Colne and the Wandle, but their most certain catch has been a cold.

Having said thus much on the incidental pleasures, present state, and future prospects of fly-fishing, it seems necessary to add a few words on the practice of the art. The best rods for trout-fishing are those that play with a regular spring, and which are neither too stiff towards the butt nor too supple at the top; and the most convenient length is from 12 to fifteen feet. The latter length is preferable for a tourist who may visit streams of various width; as with a fifteen feet rod he can fish a narrow water as well as one that is comparatively broad, and cast with such a rod, if he be an artist, twenty-four yards of line, with about as much certainty as he can eighteen or twenty with a rod three feet shorter. In fishing a wide stream the command of five or six yards more water is of great advantage to the angler, and the power of casting so much more line will frequently enable him to fish a likely place without the necessity of wading. Bag-rods which are joined by means of sockets are to be preferred to such as are joined by means of screws, as the latter, in consequence of being more stiff at the joints, do not bend in so regular a curve. The top-piece of a fly-rod ought never to be joined to the next lower length by a socket, but ought to be neatly fitted to it by a "scarf" and tied on when at the water-side with a piece of well-waxed twine—an operation which an angler who has the use of his fingers will perform in two minutes. A reel is necessary, not only that line may be given to a large fish, but that it may be lengthened or shortened as occasion may require. A line of silk and hair is better than one either all hair or all silk, as a hair line is apt, more especially on first using it, to run into kinks, and a silk one sinks too deep in the water. The foot-length or "trail" should consist of about five yards of fine strong gut, and it ought to be knotted, not looped, to the casting line. It is generally advisable to fish with three flies, a stretcher and two droppers, placed about three or four feet apart: for though the stretcher or tail fly be mostly taken, as it aughts on the water, yet a trout will not unfrequently seize one of the others as the "trail" is drawn across the stream.

On the subject of flies a great deal has been written; and all that has been said about dressing the deceptive fly in exact imitation of a natural one is sheer nonsense. At the time when most trout are caught, the water is in such a state that the fish cannot distinguish anything more than a general form. The trout perceives something fall on the water, which he supposes to be a fly, and he springs forward to seize it on the impulse of appetite, and wants not to scrutinize the species. After two or three casts, the deceptive fly, however neatly it may have been dressed, bears but a very remote resemblance to its pretended original; and it is extremely questionable, if a trout, when the water is rather discoloured, and ruffled by a breeze—the best time for the angler—can distinguish the color of the fly which he seizes. The old maxim, "that to catch trout, the flies ought to be dressed exactly in imitation of such natural flies as are then to be found near the water"—has no foundation in truth, for most trout are caught by flies which least resemble such as are found in nature. The prime object is to have flies formed of materials that are of the least possible weight, and do not absorb much water; and the smaller they are, provided the hook will bear the weight of the fish and carry out the line, so much the better. One of the best fly fishers of the present day, and one of the most poetical of writers on the subject—is it necessary to name Christopher North?—has killed more than one salmon with a midge fly, and caught ten or twelve dozen of trout with a fly—if fly it could be called—formed of the leaf and yellow blossom of the broom.

Let any angler who puts faith in the maxim above noticed, look at one of his most gaudy colored flies when wet, through a large glass, or rather muddy water in a state of motion, and let him distinguish his favorite bits of green and blue if he can; and let him show his book of pretended facsimiles to an entomologist, and it will certainly puzzle the learned fly catcher to decide their species. The most useful flies for trout fishing, may be classed under three general heads; black, of which the midge fly may be considered the type; red, the standard color for which is the reddish brown hackle of a cock's neck; and brown, the colour of which may be represented by the wing of the red grouse or a wren's tail. With flies and hackles dressed according to these standards of colour, the angler will catch the trout, if he knows how to use his tackle, in every stream and lake where they are to be found. The red hackle, either dressed as a palmer, or with brown or dark colored wings, is one of the most generally useful flies that an angler can have in his book. It is a killing fly every where; in Ireland and in Wales, as well as in England and in Scotland. In the rivers of America, and in the streams at the foot of the Himalayah mountains in Hindostan, English anglers have proved the excellence of the red-hackle: which is as great a favorite with the trout and "chasiere" of those countries as it is with every species of the *salmo fario* in the pleasant streams of our native land.

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* On Saturday, 25th February, one gentleman fished in the Tweed, near Kelso, eleven salmon: and on Monday, 27th, the noblemen and gentlemen residing there for the sake of enjoying the amusement of angling for salmon had excellent sport. In the Kelso water fifteen fish were killed by the Earl of Cadogan. Other anglers, too, who were out at the same time, returned "well fished," but none of them caught so many as his lordship.

London Monthly Sporting Magazine, for May, 1837.

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF ENGLISH JOCKEYS.

NO. I.—JAMES ROBINSON.

"D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship."

In no country but England has riding ever been treated as a science. On the continent of Europe it is taught mechanically, and the *manège* supplies rules by which a firm seat may be acquired. This probably was the style adopted upon the earliest use of the stirrup, and, in fact, goes to annihilate the advantages which horsemanship derives from that vital auxiliary. All foreigners ride with the body quite erect, the knee straight, the leg stretched to its utmost extent, and the toe merely touching the stirrup-iron. This is the style, too, which is taught in our Military Riding Schools, the early lessons being given without the stirrup at all. Than the military seat nothing can be less graceful; a dragoon upon a high trotting horse being as ill at ease as a felon on a tread-mill; and the benefits resulting from it are, that in dragoon regiments you will find five cases of rupture for one among a similar number of men in any other condition of life. It is an axiom in mechanics, that where two powers are brought into opposition, one must give way.

I have thought it necessary to make these brief remarks, apparently wide of my present subject, because, without a contrast, the perfect grace exhibited by many of our jockeys would run the chance of being unnoticed. Observe, for instance, him whom I have chosen to commence these Sketches with. He is mounted, and is riding to the starting-post. In his bearing are concentrated ease, power, and grace, so harmoniously combined, that though you see in them the counterfeits of Nature, you believe them her actual offspring. This is the triumph of art.

James Robinson is unanimously admitted to be *par* the best jockey of his day: at Newmarket they say that he is half a stone better than any of his contemporaries. Now as in a mile race a stone is considered equivalent to a distance, he is understood to go to saddle for such an event with one hundred and twenty yards odds in his favor. His style of riding is one of entire elegance: his system is the spirit of the maxim conveyed in the couplet of Dibdin, prefixed to this notice of him: he is a "piece of his horse;" he has about him none of the mathematical subtilties for which his rival Chifney was so distinguished. In one particular, these masters of their art were very similar—imperturbability of countenance. In whatever difficulties they might chance to fall, their faces were no indexes to their troubles. Speaking of Talleyrand, I think it is Madame Guizot who says, "A kick on the hinder part of his person would produce no change whatever in the expression of his face;" the old Diplomatist would find his match in either of the heroes of the B. C.

Gentleness is the prominent feature in Robinson's method of bringing his horse through his race: you never see him punish unless he feels there is a chance left, and this his skill makes intuitive to him: still a more resolute rider cannot be. The most desperate thing I ever saw upon the turf was his set-to on Bay Middleton for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes last year. No doubt he had left it too fine—probably he rode to orders—but he won it by the most accomplished severity I ever witnessed. Nothing can exceed the grace and consummate science which he displays in these "sets-to." It is well known that many races are lost on the Post in consequence of a horse changing the leg with which he is leading. This is the result of his being overpaced or thrown off his equilibrium. For the final struggle, the jockey gets into his saddle to ease his horse by shifting the weight; taking them a steady hold of his head with the left hand, he threatens or administers punishment with his right. This is a great error, and almost of necessity throws a horse off his equipoise, and consequently his stride. When he is at his top speed, the least adverse movement hauls his stroke, and injures his pace. Now to illustrate the effect of this action of *one* side, let the reader place himself upon a chair, lift his feet from the ground, and keeping the left arm perfectly still, wind the right forcibly as if flourishing a whip: he will find the *jar* that will be given to his whole frame: but let him, in such a position, work *both* arms *scrutlaneously*, and his body will be perfectly still. Thus, when he sees Robinson set to work for the struggle, he will understand why his bridle-hand and whip-hand are going together.

The natural disposition of this admirable rider shews itself the same in his professional as in his domestic character. In both it is remarkable for its mildness: in the latter great self-possession being joined with it. Nature has done all in her power for him—his frame is moulded for his calling. I hardly know a jockey now on the Turf, with the exception of Connelly, whose personal fitness for the saddle can bear comparison with his. That he is the first of his profession, we have the testimony of every member of it. Both by his superiors and those in his own sphere, it is his rare fortune to be universally respected; and moreover, he is one of those in whose career we read that happiest of morals —"success has waited on desert."

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for May, 1837.

Varieties.

The well-known training farm of "Fidget," late the property of Sam Chifney, has been purchased by Mr. Brown, fishmonger, Newmarket. It is to be lamented that its former proprietor has so long been angling in troubled waters; and, in the spirit of good feeling, we would hint to its present possessor, that now he has "other fish to fry," he should be careful they should not be "done brown."

Another of Training.—Amateur jockeyship being an art every day becoming more fashionable, and gentlemen jocks a class of equestrians more obnoxious to gravity than the professionals, the following somewhat curious fact, derived from an authority that can be relied on, may be of service at the present season. Some years ago a lad at Newmarket was almost starved, in order, in connection with very severe sweats, to reduce him so that he might be able to ride a match of importance at a particular weight. He was put into the scales at nine on the morning upon which the race was to be run, and again at ten, and was found to have gained thirty ounces in weight in the course of the hour, having only tasted half a glass of wine in the interval. To those who know nothing of chemistry this will appear fabulous; nevertheless, it is very easily accounted for. The effect of the wine would be to stimulate the action of the nervous system, and invite nature, exhausted by abstinence, to open the absorbent pores of the whole body in order to suck in some nourishment from the air. In many of the narratives of shipwrecks and other casualties at sea are recorded instances of persons who have existed for extraordinary periods upon incredibly small quantities of wine; their preservation being attributable to the effect produced in the case of the groom-boy of Newmarket. In training, the safest ingredient that can be introduced into the stomach is soda-water, a potulent more favorable to a vacuum than any fluid hereto fore discovered.

A remarkably fine colt by Actaon, out of Aaron's dam, was foaled about three weeks ago at Grove House, Battersea.

A Piece of News for our Dublin Friends.—A married woman, accused of killing in a duel her husband's mistress, has been acquitted by the Court at Dublin, in spite of her avowal that she fought her adversary without witnesses, and run her through the lungs with a sword.

Paris Journal du Commerce.

Division of Knowledge.—"Friday, there were taken from the stomach of a trout, caught in the Tay, five pieces of the *Fifeshire Journal*. They appeared to have been but lately swallowed, as they were quite legible when dried."—*Perth Advertiser.*—When trouts are tickled into taking in newspapers, we may indeed truly boast of the "spread," &c., and march of intellect. The only pity is that the critters are mute, and cannot, in return, communicate intelligence to the inhabitants of dry land. The name of one of Walter Scott's Schoolmaster's was Whale. There is no saying what may occur.

Mr. Thomas Travis, a mechanic employed in the factory of Mr. Gregg Styall, near Wilmslow, has in his possession a cat which has been trained to execute all the duties of the pointer. She will set, bark, and follow game with all the keenness of an inveterate sportsman, and never seems more happy than when out with her master's son. Grimalkin is now five years old.

Americanisms.—"The last time I was in Rhode Island (all the galls sing there, and it's generally allowed there's no such singers any where; they beat the *Ethiopians* a long chalk—they sing so high, some on 'em, they go clear out o' hearin' sometimes like a lark.") "He looked just like a man that finds whistlin' a plaguy side easier than thinkin'." "Politics take a great deal of time, and grind away a man's honesty near about as fast as cleaning a knife with brick dust. '*It takes its steel out.*'" "Judge Beeler—I dare say you have heerd tell of him—he's a funny feller—he put a notice over his factory gate, at Lowell: 'No cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls;' for, said he, the one will set a flame-a-goin' among my cottons, and t'other among my galls." "No mortal soul *can* live in Nova Scotia. I do believe that ere country was made of a Saturday night after all the rest of the universe was finished."

Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick.

Perfection.—We hear that this justly celebrated trotting horse, which has been the object of so much remark in the sporting world, left this neighborhood last week for Holland, where he has been consigned to the care of a relative of his owners.

The Princess Victoria, whenever she appears at the opera, is remarkable for the plainness of her dress: she wears her hair in plain bands, and if there is any ornament, it is something very slight in the middle of the forehead; the only thing remarkable about her Royal Highness is a large old-fashioned fan, which she constantly uses.

Cheltenham Looker-on.

Little People.—The littler folks be, the bigger they talk. You never seed a small man that didn't wear high heeled boots, and a high-crowned hat, and that warn't ready to fight almost any one, to show he was a man, every inch of him.

Sam Slick.

"How to Get On."—*The Apothecary Method.*—"Don't you see?" said Bob; "he goes up to a house, rings the area-bell, pokes a packet of medicine without a direction into the servant's hand, and walks off. Servant takes it into the dining-parlour; master opens it and reads the label, 'Draught to be taken at bed-time—pills as before—lotion as usual—*the* powder. From Sawyer's late Nockemorf's. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared; and the rest of it.' Shows it to his wife—*she* reads the labels; it goes down to the servants—*they* read the label. Next day the boy calls: 'Very sorry—his mistake—immense business—great many parcels to deliver—Mr. Sawyer's compliments—late Nockemorf.' The name gets known, and that's the thing my boy, in the medical way; bless your heart, old fellow, it's better than all the advertising in the world. We have got one four ounce bottle that's been to half the houses in Bristol, and hasn't done yet."

"'Dear me, I see,' observed Mr. Winkle; 'what an excellent plan!'

"'Oh, Ben and I have hit upon a dozen such,' replied Bob Sawyer, with great glee. 'The lamplighter has eighteen pence a week to pull the night-bell for ten minutes every time he comes round; and my boy always rushes into, church just before the psalms, when people have got nothing to do but look about 'em, and calls me out, with horror and dismay depicted on his countenance: 'Bless my soul,' every body says, 'somebody taken suddenly ill! Sawyer, late Nockemorf, sent for. What a business that young man has!'"

Pickwick Papers.

A gentleman wishing to know the price of coal, and observing an Irishman standing near a load, of which he took him to be the owner, inquired—

"How is Coal?"

"Black as ever, your honor," was the ready reply.

WOMEN AND A BROKEN HEART.

"When I see a child," said the clockmaker, "I always feel safe with the women folk; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child."

"You seem," said I, "to understand the female heart so well, I make no doubt you are a general favorite among the fair sex."

"Any man," he replied, "that understands horses, has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are jist alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. Incourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blazes.

"People talk an everlastin' sight of nonsense about wine, women, and horses. I've bought and sold 'em all, I've traded in all of them, and I tell you, there aint one in a thousand that knows a grain about either on 'em. You hear folks say, 'Oh, such a man is an ugly grained critter, he'll break his wife's heart;" just as if a woman's heart was as brittle as a pipe-stalk. The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is just like a new India rubber shoe: you may pull and pull at it till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you; there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em.

"I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in t'other sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down upon the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown river, and as strong as a tow-boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law, and catechism too. He was a perfect pictur of a man: you couldn't fault him in no particular; he was so just a made critter: folks used to run to the winder when he passed, and say, 'there goes Washington Banks, beant he lovely?' I do believe there wasn't a gal in the Lowell factories that warnt in love with him. * *

"Well, when I last seed him he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was tee-totally deffished, a mere walking skeleton. 'I am dreadful sorrry,' says I, 'to see you, Banks, lookin' so peckee; why, you look like a sick turkey hen, all legs; what on airth ails you?' 'I am dyin',' says he, '*of a broken heart.*' 'What,' says I, 'have the gals been jilting you?' 'No, no,' says he, 'I beant such a fool as that neither.' 'Well,' says I, 'have you made a bad speculation?' 'No,' says he, shakin' his head, 'I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that.' 'What under the sun is it, then?' said I. 'Why,' says he, 'I made a bet the fore part of summer with Leftenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution frigate. I won my bet, *but the anchor was so eternal heavy it broke my heart.*' Sure enough, he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heerd tell of *a broken heart.*

Sam Slick.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 24, 1837

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters keep pouring in—glad of it—the more the merrier. Our space is so occupied by our correspondents to day, that we have but room to say a cat, and quite as many more are waiting for admission.

"L." sent his report of the Trenton races last Friday afternoon. Too late by half a day.

"D. Q." has sent us a reply to "Fair Play" that is awfully caustic, but never the less a good article. Between Conris and Barefoot are but hairs, but the latter is used to it, and like Forrest is like to be. It is but just that "D. Q." should be heard in his own defence.

An editor of this city—a General—tells us that another fellow with but military editor—a Major—has just completed a Comedy. We proposed not to particularize as it would spoil a fine article that the General and the Major have concocted upon the subject.

Mrs. Woon was to sail from Liverpool for New York in the packet ship George Washington, on the 25th June.

Reppo, the celebrated trotting horse, was sold at private sale last Thursday week, for $2,500, to Chas. J. Ingersoll, Esq., of Philadelphia.

The *Louisville Spring Races* were not fully reported in the papers of that city. Will some one send us a full report, the one we have being incomplete.

Particulars of a recent fine *Colt Race*, at Morgantown, Ga., have been received. Also of one over the Spring Hill Course, Maury Co., Tenn.

A report of the recent Trotting races over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, is received and will find a place in our next.

Reports of the following Spring Race Meetings have not reached us, though a few of them, we are informed, have been directed to us. In the absence of the proper officer, will our friends see that we are supplied:—

Newbern, N. C.	commenced	May 1	Lynchburg, Va.	commenced	May 16
Columbus, Miss.	"	" 6	St. Louis, Mo.	"	" 23
Burkesville, Ky.	"	" 26	Louisville, Ky.	"	" 30
Maury County, Tenn.	"	July 14	Bellefonte, Va.	"	June 7
Niagara, U. C.	date unknown.		Fredericks, Md.	date unknown.	
Danville, Va.	"	"	Culpeper C. H., Va	"	"
Wheeling, Va.	"	"	Jacksonville, Ill.	"	"
Russellville, Ky.	"	"	Hanover C. H., Va	"	"
Knoxville, Tenn.	"	"	Palmyra, Mo.	"	"
Upper Marlborough, Md.	"	"	Chillicothe, Ohio.	"	"
Dayton, Ohio.	"	"	Elkhorn, Ky.	"	"
Cleaveland, Ohio.	"	"	Zanesville Ohio.	"	"

There have been held twenty or thirty minor Spring meetings in various sections of the country, or should have been. We have reported this season nearly double the number ever did before, in the same period; but many yet remain to be recorded. Breeders, Turfmen, and Trainers, must not blame us if the fears of their horses are not duly placed on record in the Spirit of the Times. They will be inserted with pleasure in our columns whenever sent to us.

By Thursday's Mail we received a report of the Nashville Spring races, from one of the cleverest fellows in Tennessee.

W. H. T.'s letter is received, and will be attended to forthwith.

There is to be a splendid *Regatta* at Newburg next Tuesday, 27th. Six boats belonging to the N. Y. Boat Club Association—the Wave, Gull, Pearl, Halcyon, Minerva, and Gazelle—are entered against the Highland Wave, Corsair, and Bachelors' Club of Newburg, for three different prizes. Distance five miles—six oars each. A great treat may be expected.

Reports of the *Trotting* over the Centreville Course, L. I., on Thursday last, reached us too late for insertion this week.

PERFORMANCES OF MINGO, Etc.

On referring to a crude summary given last week, of the achievements of this "high mettled racer," we discovered several typographical errors, which have induced us to examine more attentively the record of his performances; the result is, our conviction that in the paragraph alluded to, we did not do him justice, and we have accordingly embodied in the article which follows the substance of the first, with such additional statistics as our leisure has permitted us to collate. Notwithstanding we have employed considerable time and labor in its compilation, the article is still far from being complete; so far as it extends, however, great confidence may be placed in the accuracy of its details; and we fain would hope that some turfman, having leisure to devote to the subject, would carry it out, by giving us a sketch of the performances of "the cracks" of the olden time. We have in manuscript, and shall publish shortly, the pedigrees, characteristics and performances, of several of the distinguished horses now or recently on the turf, to the number of which we shall be glad to receive accessions.

In last Saturday's impression, we stated that *Trifle* had won 18 out of 24 races in which she started, and *Mingo* 11 out of 16; instead of which we should have stated that Mingo won 15 races out of 20 in which he started, (galloping twice) besides receiving forfeit in a match, four mile heats. Subjoined is a summary of the performances of several of the "cracks of the day," which we should like some one to extend, so that it should include those of Betsey Ransom, Sally Walker, Ariel, Black Maria, Alice Grey, Charles Kemble, Shark, Miss Mattie, Bonnets o' Blue, etc., etc. It will be seen from the following statistics that Mingo's performances are magnified by a comparison with those of his most distinguished contemporaries.

No. of Races.	*Four m. heats.*	*Three m. heats.*	*Two m. heats.*	*Mile h.*	*Total.*
Trifle .... in 24	won 14	3	1	0	18
Mingo ..... in 20	won 6	6	2	1 ...	15
Ironette..... in 28	won 11	5	8	0	24
Post Boy .. in 17	won 6	1	2	0	9
J. Bascombe in 8	won 3	3	0	0	6
Miss Medley in 12	won 5	2	0	0	7
Rodolph .. in 6	won 3	2	1	0	6

We should take pleasure in adding the glorious victories of other good ones, but have not the requisite authorities at hand at this moment. It should be remembered, to Mingo's advantage, that the horses he has had to encounter are vastly superior to the generality of those upon the turf from five to ten years ago. In the Old Dominion it is believed by many, and the opinion is very general at the North, that Col. Johnson has in *Mary Blunt* a nonpareil, unequalled by the invincible *Trifle*. Certainly Trifle made no time comparable with that of Mary's on Long Island, where after winning a 2d heat she lost the third by a length, in 7.47. And until *Fanny Wyatt* won a four mile race from Mingo by six inches, in 7.50—7.53, what 3 yr. old in this country ever approached her time? By the way, it is the unbiassed opinion of very many turfmen and accurate timers, that great injustice was done Mingo and Mary Blunt by the official timer of their race on Long Island. For instance, Mr. Jas. B. Kendall, (proprietor of the Kendall Course, Baltimore), and three gentlemen standing with him, by the side of the official timer, made the time of the heat 7.45; all four are widely known as accurate timers. Two other gentlemen made it 7.45½—Mr. R. L. Stevens, who is generally appointed timer at the Union Course, made the heat, we understood, 7.46, which is longer than was reported by any other gentleman, save by the official timer, who gave it in 7.47. Considerable curiosity is excited to know *who was* the official timer of the race. Is it not quite probable that one person was more likely to be mistaken than that six or seven experienced individuals, who exactly corresponded as to the time, were all in error? We shall be sensibly obliged to any gentleman who will furnish us with the time of each mile of this race; we understand it was noted by several.

Having demonstrated in the table above Mingo's claim to an elevated rank among the best horses of his time, we think the one annexed will establish his claim to the proud title of "the Northern Champion."

	Miles.	*Age.*	*Weight.*	*1st Heat*	*2d Heat.*	*3d Heat*
Mingo's best time.....	4 ..	6 yrs. ..	121 lbs. ..	8.01 ..	8.25 ..	7.47
" " "	4 ..	6 — ..	121 — ..	7.51½ ..	8.05 ..	—
" " "	3 ...	4 — ..	104 — ..	5.45 ..	5.55 ..	—
" " "	2 ...	4 — ..	104 — ..	3.49 ..	3.51 ..	—
Trifle's best time.....	4 ...	5 — ..	107 — ..	7.54 ..	7.57 ..	8.02
" " "	4 ..	6 — ..	115 — ..	7.58 ..	7.49 ..	—
" " "	3 ...	4 — ..	97 — ..	5.51 ..	5.49 ..	—
" " "	2 ...	3 — ...	83 — ..	3.54 ..	3.57 ..	—
J. Bascombe's best time	4 ...	4 — ..	102 — ..	7.44 ..	— ..	—
" " "	4 ...	5 — ..	114 — ..	7.49 ..	7.51½ ..	—
" " "	3 ...	4 — ..	102 — ..	5.54 ..	5.56 ..	—
Ironette's best time.....	4 ...	5 — ..	107 — ..	7.55 ..	7.51 ..	—
" " "	3 ...	5 — ..	107 — ..	5.55 ..	5.51 ..	5.59
" " "	2 ..	4 — ..	97 — ..	3.55 ..	3.49 ..	3.57
Miss Medley's best time	4 ...	6 — ..	115 — ..	7.47 ..	8.10 ..	—
Post Boy's.....	4 ...	4 — ..	104 — ..	7.52 ..	7.52 ..	—
" " "	2 ...	4 — ..	104 — ..	3.45 ..	3.47 ..	—
Fanny Wyatt's.....	4 ...	3 — ..	87 — ..	7.50 ..	7.53 ..	—
Juliana's.....	4 ..	4 — ..	97 — ..	7.51 ..	7.59 ..	—
Hickory John's.....	4 ...	5 — ..	112 — ..	7.55 ..	7.54½ ..	—
" " "	2 ...	4 — ..	102 — ..	3.50 ..	3.56 ..	—
Birmingham's.....	4 ..	5 — ..	110 — ..	7.48 ..	— ..	—

To the above might be added several other important races for which we lack the "chapter and verse," or rather the time to hunt them up. It ought to be stated in justice to Miss Medley, that two of her four mile races are omitted, as they were run over the Central Course, at Macon, Ga., which is unfortunately thirty-three yards short of a mile—one of which she run in her 3 yr. old form, with 83 lbs. up, in 7.45—7.44, and the other at 4 yrs. old, with 97 lbs. up, in 7.50—7.50—8.02. Mary Blunt is richly entitled to notice: for though she has never been a *winner* at four miles in fine time, she has earned a reputation that many in the list would be proud of.

As a comparison of the time made by the "regular good ones, and no mistake," may be interesting, we give below that of their *best seats*, selected from their *different races* in most instances, with their ages and the weights carried at the time. As for instance—Mingo's best time in a *first* 4 mile heat was 7.51½, beating Lady Clifden at Trenton. His best *second* 4 mile heat 7.53, was made in his race with Fanny Wyatt at the same place the previous year, which she won by six inches. His best *third* 4 mile heat, of 7.47, was made over the Union Course. In a few cases like that of Arbaces, Scarlet, and Mingo's 2 mile race, we have given the time of two consecutive heats which each won, it being superior to that made by either in any other race, to our knowledge. As the subject of this notice appears to advantage in such brilliant society, we give the time of *Eclipse* and of several out and outers at short distances.

Names.	*Miles.*	*1st Heat*	*Age & Wt.*	*2d heat.*	*Age & Wt.*	*3d heat*	*Age & Wt.*
Mingo.....	4 ..	7.51½	6—121 lbs	7.53	5—111 lbs	7.47	6—121 lbs
Trifle.....	4 ..	7.49	5—111	7.49	6—115	8.02	5—107 "
John Bascombe	4 ..	7.44	4—102	7.51½	5—115	—	— "
Miss Medley	4 ..	7.47	6—115	7.50	4— 97	8.02	4— 97 "
Ironette.....	4 ..	7.55	5—107	7.51	5—107	—	— "
Post Boy.....	4 ..	7.52	4—101	7.52	4—101	—	— "
Hickory John	4 ..	7.55	5—112	7.54½	5—112	—	— "
Fanny Wyatt	4 ..	7.50	3— 87	7.53	3— 87	—	— "
Juliana	4 ..	7.51	4— 97	7.59	4— 97	—	— "
Birmingham	4 ..	7.48	5—110	—	—	—	— "
Lady Nashville	4 ..	7.51	5—102	7.58	5—109	8.10	5—109 "
Eclipse.....	4 ..	7.37	9—126	7.49	9—126	8.21	9—126 "
Mingo.....	3 ...	5.45	4—101	5.52	5—114	—	— "
Trifle.....	3 ...	5.51	4— 97	5.49	4— 97	—	— "
John Bascombe	3 ...	5.51	4—102	5.56	4—102	—	— "
Clara Howard	3 ...	5.47	4—101	5.45	4—101	—	— "
Ironette.....	3 ...	5.55	5—107	5.51	5—107	5.59	5—107 "
Lady Clifden	3 ...	5.45	4— 97	5.54	4— 97	—	— "
Arbaces.....	3 ...	5.45	3— 86	5.43	3— 86	—	— "
Scarlet.....	3 ...	5.45	3— 86	5.50	3— 86	6.06	3— 86 "
Lady Morgan	5 ...	5.52	4— 99	5.52	4— 99	6.06	4— 99 "
Mingo.....	2 ...	3.49	4—104	3.51	4—104	—	— "
Trifle.....	2 ...	3.54	3— 83	3.57	3— 83	—	— "
Post Boy	2 ...	3.45	4—101	3.47	4—101	—	— "
Ironette.....	2 ...	3.55	4— 97	3.49	4— 97	3.57	4— 97 "
Dosoris.....	2 ...	3.41	4—101	3.45	4—101	—	— "
Clara Howard	2 ...	3.44	4—101	3.49	4—101	3.50	4—101 "
Monmouth.....	2 ...	3.45	6—121	3.48	6—121	—	— "
Linnet.....	2 ...	3.53	3— 83	3.53	3— 83	—	— "

Some statistics as to the number of races lost and won by several fashionable stallions of the day may not be unacceptable.

Eclipse.....	in 8	races won	8	Mons. Tonson...	in 12 races won 11
Chateau Margaux	in 28	" "	22	Sarpedon.....	in 20 " " 8
Luzborough.....	in 36	" "	27	Gohanna.....	in 15 " " 9
Leviathan	in 20	" "	17	Pacific.....	in 6 " " 5
Rattler.....	in 25	" "	20	Autocrat.....	in 11 " " 7
Carolinian	in 8	" "	7	Shakspeare.....	in 9 " " 8
Victory.....	in 13	" "	12	Cock of the Rock	in 7 " " 5

This list is necessarily very imperfect, from the fact that there is no record of the performances of several of the best horses ever imported into, or bred in this country. Still it may serve as a hint to some one thoroughly versed in turf lore, who has the ability and the will to make "a good thing" of it.

We should like to compare the best time made by the "flyers" of old with that of the good ones of the present day; but being in the dark as to the weight the former carried, it is impossible to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, otherwise we think it might be demonstrated that our present stock of horses are superior to those of former years. *Ardrew* ran a second 4 mile heat, over the Norfolk Course, in 7.40, but the track was 30 yards short of a mile. *Mercury* is said to have won two consecutive heats at New Orleans, in 7.44. *Pacific* won his famous 4 mile race, over the same Course, in 7.40—7.42, in 1827, but it is doubted if this Course was a full mile though it is stoutly maintained; Pacific was one of the best race horses of his day, and is now one of the best stallions in the West. *Sir Solomon* won a first 4 mile heat in "*about* 7.40," and *Betsey Ransom* a second, in 7.40. *Sir Hal*, at Broad Rock, and *Cup Bearer*, (a son of Florizel), on the same track, won a 4 mile heat in 7.46. *Janette* and *Betsey Richards* have both won, on the Union Course, in 7.48—7.51. *Sussex* beat *Polly Hopkins* a second 3 mile heat in 5.43. *Sir Hal*, at Washington, won a second heat in the same time. *Peacemaker*, a speedy son of Diomed, won a two mile heat at Newmarket in 3.43. *Pilot* and *Bonnets o' Blue* each ran a mile on Long Island in 1.48—*Arietta* in 1.46—*Robin Hood*, with a catch, in 1.44.

The above comprize some of the best races ever made in this country of which there is any record—or rather perhaps we should say, some of the best races *said to have been run*, for there is no authentic record of many of these performances.

We commenced this article with the view of correcting several typographical errors which occurred in last Saturday's paper, in a paragraph wherein the performances of *Mingo* and *Trifle* were compared. It has grown under our hands to a formidable length; but if it atones for the unintentional injustice done Mingo, and incites those who are better informed and have more leisure than ourselves to the production of an article, or a series of articles, more worthy of the interesting subject under discussion, our object will be accomplished, and we shall have "killed two birds with one stone." We think we have demonstrated Mingo's claim to his proud and well earned title, and if that glorious trophy, the Saddle of Eclipse, is not accorded to him by the South and North, it will be "glory enough" for him to wear his own.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

Dear Sir,—If the family pride and best blood of all the "McTabbs" should be disturbed by the satire, the sportsman, and the breeder of race nags, will acknowledge the following criticism as just now, as when uttered by Juvenal 1800 years ago:—

"Say, of dumb animals who vaunts the blood,
Unless their courage and their strength be good?
'Tis thus we praise the horse that mocks our eyes,
While to the goal with lightning's speed he flies;
Whom many a well-earned palm and trophy grace,
And the cirque hails unrival'ed in the race.
Yes, they are noble, spring from what they will,
Whose footsteps in the dust are foremost still;
While Herpine's stock are to the market led,
If victory light but rarely on their head:
Truck'd for a song, they drag the cumbrous wain,
With shoulders bare, and bleeding from the chain;
Or take, with some blind ass in concert found,
At Nepo's mill, their everlasting round."

Gifford.

I think more of blood than Savage did, though I agree, that in many families, (by bad crosses,) "it has crept through scoundrels since the flood." I believe the Stud Book a truer record than the Peerage, and therefore, that the race horse furnishes the best study for those who would maintain that blood is sufficient to account for the good and bad qualities of the animal—man or brute. P.

[The note and quotation above, from "P.," came to us under cover of a letter from a respected private correspondent, who writes as follows]:—

Dear Sir,—My friend "P." is better informed upon the subject of horses than most people who know him are disposed to give him credit for, or, than he is disposed to take credit for himself. In truth, he is a man of close and general observation of men and things; yet he now and again entertains some queer notions. In the main, he is right in his opinions about horses, according to my notions. I agree with him in opinion, that with the best blood and stock, without superior form, not more than one in thirty, or thirty-five, will prove to be *first rate race nags*; yet all will attain mediocrity when the crosses have been judicious; and occasionally, horses will run well in *all* forms. There is, however, a general form, in other words, a symmetry, or adaptation of all the prominent points of a horse, combined with the above described requisites, that will, with few exceptions, if any, insure a racer. For instance, the length and conformation of the fore and hind legs must correspond, particularly for a distance horse. If they do not, he may labor and get along rapidly, if strong, for a short distance. How long, think you, would the works or wheels of a watch endure that were not perfectly fitted to each other?

Did Moonraker ever make a leap of twenty-eight yards at a steeple chace?—It must be a pretty good horse that can clear 28 feet; Moonraker cleared 27 feet at St. Albans, in jumping the last fence in a race he won there a few years ago.

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN TURFMAN ABROAD.

Sports of the Turf in France—Patronage of the Duke of Orleans and the Government—Breeding Stud of the latter—Boulogne-sur-Mer and Calais Races—Lord Henry Seymour and the Tattersalls—French "Tattersalls"—Venison, winner of the Portland Handicap, 1837—Touchstone—the Derby, etc.

Paris, May 6, 1837

W. T. Porter, Editor of the New York Spirit of the Times

From what I can discover, I should conclude that horse racing in France is increasing in favor, though it is not likely soon to become a national amusement. The King, I believe, is either averse or indifferent to these sports; but the Duke of Orleans (heir apparent), is the great patron of the Turf, and by his countenance gives it an eclat and substantial support which it could not otherwise have attained among a people who have such great sources of amusement in numerous games and pastimes peculiar to themselves. Besides, the French are comparatively poor, and both racing and hunting are expensive. These two causes, viz., the aversion or indifference of some, and the poverty of others, prevent that competition which alone gives interest and spirit to the race course. On the Duke of Orleans' accession to the throne, I have but little doubt the interest in these amusements will receive a fresh impetus. I am told great progress has already been made, and many prejudices overcome, so that at the first favorable turn in affairs, the thing is likely to go ahead.

The Government has several breeding studs, one of which, near Paris, I have visited. There are two or three acres of ground inclosed with a very high wall, with walks laid out, and small patches of turf. The stable, a plain edifice, stands in the centre. There is a high partition (but not extending to the ceiling) through the middle, lengthwise, on one side of which are the stallions, and on the other the mares, with their foals. There are some ten or twelve stallions, all standing in stalls by the side of each other, with low partitions (only three or four feet high) between each. They are reasonably well secured by halters, but are allowed rope enough for their noses to meet, and I think it not impossible for them to strike and kick, as well as bite each other if so disposed; but they are disciplined into submission, or have been so long accustomed to their companions as to be indifferent to their presence. "*I guess*" Worlay, (stud groom at Hampton Court,) or Col. Johnson, "the Napoleon," would order things differently, and at least remove them so far asunder as not to afford each other any cause of excitement or disquietude.

Dangerous, by Tramp, (full brother to Capt N. Davis's *Design*,) is the best of this stud, and he is a horse of great substance, good form, and has a business like, honest look. He bears a strong resemblance to his sister (Design, of Limestone Co., Ala.) in every respect. A son of Lottery, foaled in France, occupied the adjoining stall; he is said to be the very picture of *Inheritor*, now I believe, in Scotland. I thought him a highly finished and elegant horse. Of the mares, the two best are *Whalebones*, and they are very good, with all the peculiar conformation and characteristics of that distinguished family conspicuously developed, which cannot be mistaken.

All the regulations and changes in the stud form the subject of Cabinet deliberations, consequently the establishment is not governed by any fixed and uniform system. The avowed object is to improve the breed of horses, especially for cavalry service. Breeders, however, have not the free use of the stallions' services, though the price is not high, about $20, I believe; but *that* is a great deal of money in France. Strangers, or individuals not connected with the establishment, cannot visit it without an order or an introduction from some authorized person. The mares, when stinted, are removed, I believe, to some distance, where they have some sort of inclosures and grazing for them and their foals.

There are in Paris, as also at Boulogne-sur-Mer, Calais, &c. &c., great numbers of English residents of all grades, and you know, wherever an Englishman goes, his horse and his dog must go also, for they are as necessary to his pleasures as a fiddle is for a Frenchman's. The superiority of their coach horses and hacks doubtless attracted the attention of the French to the importance of improving the breed of their own, which has led to the formation of racing associations, and the establishment of studs of thorough-breds; as yet everything connected with breeding, training, racing, hunting, &c., is quite in its infancy, and like all other great projects which require the co-operation of numbers, is centuries behind their neighbors of the fast-anchored Isle. But they are spurred and goaded on with the laudable ambition to excel, and stand beating much better than I had supposed it was in the nature of a Frenchman to endure.

Lord Henry Seymour, with but a second rate stud, pockets nearly all the good prizes, winning them generally in a good exercising gallop, without scarcely "turning a hair;" and so he ought, to defray the partial expenses of his stable, for the competition is not enough to produce any betting. His Lordship has a respectable breeding stud some ten or twelve miles distant from Paris, which I have not yet seen, nor the Duke of Orleans's, which is reported to be an extensive and well appointed establishment in every respect, giving promise of sharp competition when his young things come on the turf. It has been compared with that at Hampton Court in excellence and extent, after which it is in some respects modelled; but the young ones are not sold as those at H. C.

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Well now, you see, that was right tight tooting. That's what I would call *winning*, only that I didn't get the money. Well, then again, you say that on April 28, at Newmarket, Major Ridley's Luz. was foremost, and won "handily." Suppose we put in *footsly*? Again, at Fairfield, Va., May 2, you have a Luz. first, and on May 5th another Luz. second, beat by another Fylde.—Again, at page 109, you give the great Dorsey Stakes, 62 subs., $300 each, $100 forfeit, and shew, that out of the eleven that started, two only were Luzboroughs, *both being foremost all the time*. (I'm an Irishman recollect); and yet again, at Tree Hill, Va., you put one of them second on 8th May, and another first on 9th May.

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LETTER FROM A VIRGINIA TURFMAN.

Extracts from a letter post-marked Richmond, June 12th, 1837

Dear Sir,—It will be a source of some satisfaction to the spirited patron of our sport, and owner of *Trustee*, (Walter Livingston, Esq.) to learn that his (Trustee's) foals, out of *Kate Kearney*, *Betsey Archer*, *Celeste*, and *Lalla Rookh*, now at *Priam's* stand, are considered, and justly so I think, the best of this season, as well as of many a year.

I made Mr. Biddle (Old Nick) a handsome offer for his two foals by *Trustee*, out of *Kate* and *Betsey*; but the old "varmint" said, "until the *hobby*-horse notion of seeing them in his yard as an appendage to his farm was worn out, he must keep them." Now, isn't he a sweet 'un, to call such critters "hobby-horses," and appendages to his farm? A thorough-bred son of Kate Kearney a hobby-horse, and an appendage to a Pennsylvania farm!—and a son of Trustee, too! Oh, fie! Old Nick! I'd as soon have thought of having a *Trustee* as an appendage to your "monster!" Why, old "Panic," let me send you on a raft of mules instead, as an appendage to your farm; for their long ears pricked look "beautiful" peering over the glossy green blades of growing corn; and then, too, when "set free," (as we say of "niggers,") in your smooth-shorn lawn, they look *so* picturesque! Oh! *them* is the critters for hobbies and farm appendages. Swap, by all means, Old Nick, for you'll make a good bargain of it, and let the young Trustees have charge of the purses at Fairfield, the Central, Camden, &c. &c.

On Friday we have a Trotting Match over the Fairfield Course, between two pretty good ones, for $100. "Goers" are getting to be in demand here, and I have no doubt that these matches will be as frequent here as with you after a bit.

Yours very respectfully, ——. *L. ndo*

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN TURFMAN ABROAD.

Sports of the Turf in France—Patronage of the Duke of Orleans and the Government—Breeding Stud of the latter—Boulogne sur-Mer and Calais Races—Lord Henry Seymour's Stud—Paris race course, and the recent meeting—Col. Thorn, the American "Nabob," and his turnout—Fourth "Tattersalls"—Venison, winner of the Portland Handicap, 1837—Touchstone—the Grand etc.

Paris, May 6, 1837.

W. T. Porter, Editor of the New York Spirit of the Times

From what I can discover, I should conclude that horse racing in France is increasing in favor, though it is not likely soon to become a national amusement. The King, I believe, is either averse or indifferent to these sports; but the Duke of Orleans (their apparent) is the great patron of the Turf, and by his countenance gives it an eclat and substantial support which it could not otherwise have attained among a people who have such great sources of amusement in numerous games and pastimes peculiar to themselves. Besides, the French are comparatively poor, and both racing and hunting are expensive. These two causes, viz., the aversion or indifference of some, and the poverty of others, prevent that competition which alone gives interest and spirit to the race course. On the Duke of Orleans' accession to the throne, I have but little doubt the interest in these amusements will receive a fresh impetus. I am told great progress has already been made, and many prejudices overcome, so that at the first favorable turn in affairs, the thing is likely to go ahead.

The Government has several breeding studs, one of which, near Paris, I have visited. There are two or three acres of ground inclosed with a very high wall, with walks laid out, and small patches of turf. The stable, a plain edifice, stands in the centre. There is a high partition (but not extending to the ceiling) through the middle, lengthwise, on one side of which are the stallions, and on the other the mares, with their foals. There are some ten or twelve stallions, all standing in stalls by the side of each other, with low partitions (only three or four feet high) between each. They are reasonably well secured by halters, but are allowed rope enough for their noses to meet, and I think it not impossible for them to strike and kick, as well as bite each other if so disposed; but they are disciplined into submission, or have been so long accustomed to their companions as to be indifferent to their presence. "*I guess*" Woolay, (stud groom at Hampton Court,) or Col. Johnson, "the Napoleon," would order things differently, and at least remove them so far asunder as not to afford each other any cause of excitement or disquietude.

Dangerous, by Tramp, (full brother to Capt N. Davis's *Design*,) is the best of this stud, and he is a horse of great substance, good form, and has a business like, honest look. He bears a strong resemblance to his sister (Design, of Limestone Co., Ala.) in every respect. A son of Lottery, foaled in France, occupied the adjoining stall: he is said to be the very picture of *Inheritor*, now I believe, in Scotland. I thought him a highly finished and elegant horse. Of the mares, the two best are *Whalebones*, and they are very good, with all the pecular conformation and characteristics of that distinguished family conspicuously developed, which cannot be mistaken.

All the regulations and changes in the stud form the subject of Cabinet deliberations, consequently the establishment is not governed by any fixed and uniform system. The avowed object is to improve the breed of horses, especially for cavalry service. Breeders, however, have not the free use of the stallions' services, though the price is not high, about $20. I believe; but *that* is a great deal of money in France. Strangers, or individuals not connected with the establishment, cannot visit it without an order or an introduction from some authorized person. The mares, when stinted, are removed, I believe, to some distance, where they have some sort of inclosures and grazing for them and their foals.

There are in Paris, as also at Boulogne-sur-Mer, Calais, &c. &c., great numbers of English residents of all grades, and you know, wherever an Englishman goes, his horse and his dog must go also, for they are as necessary to his pleasures as a fiddle is for a Frenchman's. The superiority of their coach horses and hacks doubtless attracted the attention of the French to the importance of improving the breed of their own, which has led to the formation of racing associations, and the establishment of studs of thorough-breds; as yet everything connected with breeding, training, racing, hunting, &c., is quite in its infancy, and like all other great projects which require the co-operation of numbers, is centuries behind their neighbors of the fast-anchored Isle. But they are spurred and goaded on with the laudable ambition to excel, and stand beating much better than I had supposed it was in the nature of a Frenchman to endure.

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The result of the races is generally published in Bell's Life, and in the London Sporting Magazines, to which I refer you for particulars. The Paris races are run over the course in the Champ de Mars, which is of an oblong form, with easy curves; it is about 2000 metres, or 1¼ miles, in extent;—a metre is a fraction over a yard,—1600 metres being equal to one mile English. The French weights, also, are about 12 per cent. heavier than the English,—that is, 100 lbs. French is equal to 112 lbs. English. I merely mention these things to be remembered and preserved for future reference if wanted. The Champ de Mars is a parallelogram, having the Military School at one extremity, and the river Seine at the other, surrounded by a fosse. "The embankments which encircle it was formed by all ranks and both sexes in 1790, for the celebration of the famous *Fete de la Federation*, on the 14th July of that year, when Louis XVI. took the oath to maintain the new constitution. Afterwards the guillotine was occasionally erected here. It is now used for reviews and horse races." The course is naked, and I should think no great pains are taken to keep it in good order; at present it is hove by the frost, and washed into gullies by the rain. The embankment is a fine green sward, and affords from all parts a perfect view of the race, and is of sufficient breadth to accommodate a vast concourse of people. Indeed, no situation could be more favorable for a grand exhibition than the Champ de Mars. Within the barriers of a city containing (with strangers and sojourners) nearly a million of inhabitants, and though the sports are patronised by the Duke of Orleans, and himself and other members of the Royal family were present, yet I doubt whether there was on any day of the late races more than 5000 spectators, besides the military, (which are everywhere present to preserve order,) and many of them came for the display of a handsome turn out.

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Dear Sir,—It will be a source of some satisfaction to the spirited patron of our sport, and owner of *Trustee*, (Walter Livingston, Esq.) to learn that his (Trustee's) foals, out of *Kate Kearney*, *Betsey Archer*, *Celeste*, and *Lalla Rookh*, now at *Priam's* stand, are considered, and justly so I think, the best of this season, as well as of many a year.

I made Mr. Biddle (Old Nick) a handsome offer for his two foals by *Trustee*, out of *Kate* and *Betsey*; but the old "varmint" said, "until the *hobby*-horse notion of seeing them in his yard as an appendage to his farm was worn out, he must keep them." Now, isn't he a sweet 'un, to call such critters "hobby-horses," and appendages to his farm? A thorough-bred son of Kate Kearney a hobby-horse, and an appendage to a Pennsylvania farm!—and a son of Trustee, too! Oh, fie! Old Nick! I'd as soon have thought of having a *Trustee* as an appendage to your "monster!" Why old "Panic," let me send you on a raft of mules instead, as an appendage to your farm; for their long ears pricked look "beautiful" peering over the glossy green blades of growing corn; and then, too, when "set free," (as we say of "niggers,") in your smooth-shorn lawn, they look so picturesque! Oh! *then* is the critters for hobbies and farm appendages! Swap, by all means. Old Nick, for you'll make a good bargain of it, and let the young Trustees have charge of the purses at Fairfield, the Central, Camden, &c. &c.

On Friday we have a Trotting Match over the Fairfield Course, between two pretty good ones, for $100. "Goers" are getting to be in demand here, and I have no doubt that these matches will be as frequent here as with you after a bit.

Yours very respectfully. ——

Tallahassee, Florida, Jockey Club Races.

June 24th, 1837

The following Sweepstakes are now open to come off at our next annual meeting in December, 1837:—

1st. A Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, raised in Florida. Subscription $100, forfeit $25. Mile heats. To close 1st October, and name the day before the race.

2d. A Sweepstakes free for any 4 year old colts and fillies in the U. S. Sub. $100, h. $100. Three mile heats. To close 1st Oct., and name the day before the race.

3d. A Post Stakes, free for all. Sub. $50, h. $100. Two mile heats. To close 1st Oct., and name the day before the race.

Dear Sir,—We have revived our Jockey Club, which had been suspended in consequence of our Indian troubles, and hope we shall go on with spirit. To all the above stakes we have subscribers. Our Jockey Club Purses will be published in due time. I am, very respectfully, yours, &c.

THOS. BROWN, *Proprietor.*

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

In our columns to-day will be found a report of the First and Second Newmarket Spring Meetings, and a variety of interesting articles from the English Sporting Magazines.

The arrival, last Monday, of the Liverpool packet of the 21th May, the *Independence*, puts us in possession of papers to that date.

We see no mention made of the said accident reported to have occurred to the *Maid of Wilderwood*, and presume the story was a hoax.

"Vates," in Bell's Life in London of the 21st May, predicts that *Phosphorus* will win the St. Leger. The odds quoted against him are 11 to 1. Here is the prediction:—

THE PROPHECY—THE DERBY FOR 1837.

"——'s progress slow
To expiat treason—at Goodwin or Lucifer rate."

Hor. de Art. Poet.

I lingered on Newmarket's Heath, as o'er
Its vast excitement—pondering on the past—
Burning to scan the things that were before:
It seemed, as Time, that wings his flight so fast,
Might throw me on the future. Oh! the vast,
The golden transport to foretel thy course,
Thou fleet murderer of all dreams, who hast
Swept horse and man away with ruthless force,
And sang mine ventures quashed without remorse.
Think on the thousands rashly played with here—
The idle confidence, upon the day
First at the goal the favorite shall appear;
Ere mid-day comes, the vision melts away
Not Buckle's veteran hand—not Chifney's sway—
The luck of Mellish—Bunbury's practised skill—
But all to Fate must stern obedience pay—
Time can the doubts of coming Derbies kill—
Time only, fathom Fate's unbending will.
Hath Chaos again swept o'er the world,
Nor the stars the lights they seem,
Hath the sun from his wonted course been hurled,
Or is it a baseless dream?
Yet the future lies, each sense before,
Distinct—and clear—and defined—
As the waters transparent reflect their shore,
And the object wherewith 'tis lined:
Aye! I eaten the buz of the countless throng,
Sweeping in eager haste along;
And mark the glance from lady's eye
At silken dress, and lowering sky;
Beggar, and trader, and trailing peer,
With the prince, in a jumbled mass are here;
Where Asmodeus might his dwelling fix,
Nor recount one tithe of the world's wild tricks.
Talk not to me of mystic ring—
Idly do all "Weird Sisters" sing—
Compared with the circle on yonder brow,
And what are the odds? What's Rat-Trap now?
"Two to one on the field"—"Done"—"Just before
By Jove, I betted seven to four."
"What's Caravan?"—"Oh! I dare not look,
Nor even think, for I've closed my book!"
In the warren they're saddling—the moment draws nigh,
When the pulse in excitement and fever shall beat;
For the many, these moments too rapidly fly;
For the few, they could trample them under their feet;
But, perchance, the result, as I now shall rehearse,
Shall the joys and the sorrows dispel and reverse.
Jem on the Crack comes first in view,
With Slight (slight chance) in the "Cadland" blue;
Lord Sutfield's, that, in size and bone,
Nigh as a Toucher to old Touchstone.
Honest John sets all doubt at rest,
Pointing Victoria out the best;
While Scott doth a similar secret tell,
Not in "rouge," but "noir," upon Mickle Fell;
That's Sambo; Corban there; and Cactus,
Who seem to say—Good friends, who've backed us,
Our master no excuses takes,
He trains us, and we start for stakes!
Did polished riding hinge on blacking,
Arthur would never then be lacking:
On Clifton he; there Phosphorus shines,
And Critic, not as men do lines,
Born to find fault, and scrape the pelf up,
Must mercilessly cut himself up;
Young Edwards guides again the Turk,
Like Jersey's, ever fit for work;
That Mango looks a rod in pickle—
Here comes the Grey, the little Fickle—
With Mahomet in Lincoln green,
And Benedict next fills the scene.
Environed in green rings to show
The name—and Jacket—apropos;
But what, the nag with whiting mark
On muzzle and legs, tho' bright chesnut, dark;
We're compelled to look and see 'tis Mac,
Mounted upon Sir Frederick's back,
And should he whisk off with the Laurel Crown,
The long-shot betters are all done *Brown*!
Three others make up the field—now count—
Twenty being the exact amount;
With two false starts—at the third they go,
Swift as the arrow when twangs the bow.
Up the hill—up the hill—they go streaming away;
Corban, Hercules, Frederick, making the play;
Slight and Rat-Trap, with Phosphorus waiting—Delusion,
Hugo, Wisdom—and there in a glorious confusion
Lie Mickle Fell, Stafford, the big Caravan,
Winronian, Hybiscus, and Mahomet-an—
On a line in a cluster, a little below,
Are Benedict, Middleton's Brother, Man-go!
The Critic and Sambo are running abreast,
And Clifton and Nergrove are doing their best.
Corban cuts when he reaches the crown of the hill,
And Clifton, Slight, Sambo, are getting their fill;
Now to the Van comes the Lamplighter colt,
Whilst Achmet looks "greenish," and bursting to bolt;
A rattler they push to the "Corner;" and here
Lincoln Greens and Lord Exeter's drop to the rear;
Why, the *Trap*opes his mouth—can it be so!—good lack!
A "miler" he proves—Oh the Mouse!—Oh the Crack!
'Twixt this and the distance the Caravan sings,
"Oh! would that my mother could give me her *Wings*!"
See Benedict fails; making desperate play
Victoria shows in the front with John Day;
Whilst Phosphorus, Mickle Fell, live at the bat,
And Mango looks easy, directed by Nat;
Sir Frederick running so gallant before
Gives up, and the contest now lies with the four;
Mickle Fell is in trouble, and spite of Bill Scott,
Of the whipcord and steel he has "sufficit" got;
"Mango, Wintonian, and Phosphorus, do it—
Oh! moments of agony—go it then—go it!"
'Tis over—the trick for the thousands is done—
George Edwards, on Phosphorus, the Derby has won!
With Victoria next him, a neck beat away,
And Mango a pickle will prove some odd day;
So those who have found out their error too late,
And the Victor opposed of the Rowley-mile Plate,
Their fingers must burn in the phosphoric flame,
Whilst the Lamplighter runs up his ladder of Fame.

London, May 16, 1837. (Bell's Life.) VATES.

Exportation of Horses from York for the Emperor of Russia.—During the present week, Mr. Thos. Kirby has sent from York, to be shipped at Hull, for the use of the Emperor of Russia, seven stallions and eleven brood mares. Five of the horses are thorough-bred, as follow:—*Aegypa*, by Mulatto, dam by Young Phantom. Jack Spigot's dam; *Sparrow Hawk*, by Buzzard, dam by Selim; *Black Stallion*, by Fixible, out of Elizabeth, by Snowstorm; *Maverick*, by Humphrey Clinker, dam by Runaway, grandam by Harrison's Trumpator, great grandam by Bethell's Ruler; *Horatia*, by Corinthian, out of Smoit, by Viscount or Stamford. The other stallion, and the whole of the mares, are of the choicest cracking breed which this country possesses.

Ascot races commence on the 6th June, under the stewardship of the Right Hon. the Earl of Errol, Master of the King's Stag Hounds.

Touchstone is reported to be so much amiss, that all chance is hopeless of his running for the Ascot Gold Cup.

Cheltenham Races.—The principal stakes closed on the 1st of May. There are 46 subscribers to the Grand Stersfare, and the entry includes Bay Middleton, Venison, Slane, Mr. Wages, and many other well known horses of high character. To the Shurborne there are nine, and to the Five Sov. Stakes, with 30 added, eight subscribers. The Cup is re-opened till June 1st. The races are fixed for the 4th and 5th of July.

Mr. Tayler's noted grey stallion *Trojan*, when travelling his usual round, was attacked at Horncastle of ossification of the heart, and died there on Friday morning week. Trojan was 16 years old. He has travelled the same circuit (Holderness and the edge of the Wolds) thirteen years, and was allowed by judges, and by the London dealers generally, to be the best stallion for coach horses in that district, where, doubtless, are bred some of the best horses of this description in England.

Extraordinary Leap.—Apparently the most impassable barrier which was experienced in the late Louth Steeple Race, was a newly-plashed hedge placed upon a lofty bank, with a broad ditch on each side. In the line selected by Mr Evison, on Mart Marian, it was gallantly charged at a place which measured eight feet from the ground, and it was cleared without touching a twig. The distance from the mare's leaving the ground to her alighting was 33 feet!

Stamford Mercury.

The Marquis of Westminster's Plate.—One of the conditions of the race for the Marquis of Westminster's Plate, run for on Thursday in our race week, was, "three to start, or the 100 sovs. will not be given." As only two started, no claim could therefore be made for the money, nor was the Marquis of Westminster expected to pay it, or any portion of it: but, with his characteristic munificence, that respected nobleman has liberally handed that sum over to the Chester Infirmary, in aid of its general fund. Chester Chronicle

Pedestrianism at Kenilworth.—On Tuesday, the 2d ult., Mr. Thornett, baker, of Kenilworth, performed the arduous task of walking 60 miles in 14 hours and 36 minutes, winning by one hour and 24 minutes, the time allowed being 16 hours. The line of road chosen was through the village, from the milestone in Castle End, to the mile-stone at New-street corner. Mr. Thornett touched each stone with his hand at the completion of each mile. He performed the first 20 miles in less than four hours; the second 20 in about four hours, feeling little or no distress till his task was nearly completed, in consequence of a dispute about the distance, but his friends overruled the objection, which gave him new vigor, and the Kenilworth band, meeting him in the last mile, played "See the conquering hero comes." He is a short thick-built man, about 44 years of age, and has not been in the habit of walking more than his business requires ordinarily.

Died, on Thursday week, at Underly-hall, the residence of Mr. Alexander Nowell, the celebrated horse *Muley*. He was one of the finest steeds that has paced the turf since the days of the famous Bucephalus, and has left a progeny worthy of his blood and high reputation. Bell's Life, 21st May

Trotting Match.—A trotting match in harness, for 20 sovs., took place at Holywell, on Tuesday last, with a mare, the property of a sporting butcher. The wager was made by her spirited owner and a celebrated "man of wax." The mare was to trot in harness from Holywell to the King's Ferry, in forty minutes; distance about ten miles; she started at eight o'clock, driven by her owner, and proceeded on for four miles at a rattling pace, where she broke, and, according to agreement, stopped and backed, but a little after she broke again, and afterwards being detained by a timber-carriage for nearly a minute, she lost the match by three minutes, very little distressed, and her owner will match her to do the distance over again for 50*l*. She was not well driven, and drew a gig of nearly 5 cwt. The snob was so overjoyed at the mare losing that he jumped all the turnpike gates on his road home, and is scarcely come to himself yet. Bell's Life, May 21

Trotting at Sunbury.—A match took place on Tuesday, over Sunbury Common, of one mile in harness, between Lord Macdonald and the Marquis of Waterford, we believe for £500 a-side, which was won by Lord Macdonald, whose horse did the mile in a second and a half under three minutes.

The famous *Glenartney*, winner of the Riddlesworth, and second for the Derby in Maneluke's year, once valued at 3,000 guineas, was sold at Tattersalls, on Thursday, for 21 guineas!

George Edwards is engaged by Lord Berners to ride *Phosphorus* for the Derby. The choice is a proof of his Lordship's judgment.

On Saturday the 13th, a youth undertook to run ten miles within one hour and a quarter, which came off on the Holloway-road. He accomplished the distance in one hour and twelve minutes, and appeared not the least fatigued; betting was two to one against him. Bell's Life.

Tape Worm in the Pointer and Spaniel.—On an estate where a great quantity of rabbits are annually destroyed in the month of November, I have observed that several dogs who were previously in good health and condition, soon became weak, listless, and excessively emaciated, frequently passing large portions of the tape worm; this induced me to examine the intestines of several hares and rabbits, and, with very few exceptions, I found each to contain a perfect tape-worm, from three to four feet in length. I then caused two of the dogs whose cases appeared the worst, to be separated from the others, feeding them on potatoes, &c.; and in eight or ten days, after voiding several feet of the worm, they were perfectly restored to their former strength and appearance. The Vermicular disease, hitherto so formidable to the spaniel and pointer, may therefore in a great measure be fairly attributed to the custom of giving them the intestines of their game, under the technical appellation of "the paunch." The facts above stated, in explaining the cause of the disease, at the same time suggests the remedy. T. M. Bignold

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

With a list numerically inferior to the Craven one, the First Spring Meeting held out first rate attractions in the 2,000 Guinea Stakes and Portland Handicap, and, in accordance with general expectation, passed off with an eclat seldom equalled. The weather was not very promising on the Sunday previous, nor did many arrivals take place; betting, too, was at a stand still, and had not the insignificant character of the first day's fixtures sufficiently accounted for it, we should have been apprehensive that the hopes of a full meeting were likely to be blighted. Of course, there is always something fresh to hear on entering a racing town, whether true or not. "Jereed has not been seen for three days," said one, another explaining that "he had started for Epsom on the sly!" "Lord Exeter's horses were tried on Saturday," and "Robinson would not be able to ride," &c. Various other rumors reached us, but we confine ourselves to the above as all that proved worthy of credit. Adopting the plan followed by us in the Craven Meeting, we shall give details of each day's racing and betting under its own date.

MONDAY, April 24, 1837.

Fortunately for the visitors, the morning was mild and dry, and, with the exception of one smart shower, continued so throughout the day. Several arrivals took place, but in consequence or Lord Melbourne's determination that the Ministerial Peers should vote "in person" on the debate on Tuesday night, we missed several of our noble visitors. The ring was formed about twelve o'clock, and, owing to the late hour at which the races commenced, did not break up until two o'clock: some business was done on the following Stakes:—

Two Thousand Guineas.—Even betting between Achmet and the field, and 12 to 1 taken that he won it and the Derby, the taker binding himself to bet 6 to 1 back agst. Achmet, should he win the first event; 9 to 1 taken that Achmet won this, and Locomotive the Handicap.

Portland Handicap.—Venison was in general favor at 7 to 2, and in some instances at 3 to 1; Elis and Hock at 4 to 1 each, but no great anxiety to back the former, whose starting was not looked upon as certain; 6 to 1 agst. Gipsy, 7 to 1 agst. Locomotive, 8 to 1 agst. Jack-in-the-Green (takers of 9 to 1), and 12 to 1 agst. Lucifer.

The Derby.—Jereed out of force—plenty of offers to bet against, and none to back him; only 7 to 1 agst. Achmet; nothing said about Mango, Benedict, Dardanelles, or Hybiscus, which will enable us to quote odds against them: 18 to 1 taken about Caravan, 25 to 1 about Mickle Fell, and 30 to 1 about Critic; 1,000 to 25 laid out agst. Mustee and Victoria together.

Such was the amount of the business done in the morning; that transacted in the evening was of infinitely greater importance. The secret of the trial in Lord Exeter's stable on Saturday came out, and Hybiscus proved to be the nag; he rose in a very short time to 15 to 2, Dardanelles dropping to 16 to 1, and Troilus to 22 to 1, with no offer to back him under 30 to 1. Achmet stood at the same price as in the morning: 10 to 1 offered against Jereed, and the same against Mango, 12 to 1 having been bid against him at the opening of the betting. Not a word said about Benedict, Rat-Trap, or Mahometan, and no change in Caravan or Wintonian: Defender in some little demand, and only 20 to 1 offered against him; 40 to 1 against Gil Blas (Bequest); 50 to 1 against Delusion, and 50 to 1 against Corban: 300 even betted on Hybiscus and Jereed against Achmet and Mango.

The Portland Handicap was again touched upon without any alteration in

the prices; a trifle was laid out on Elis at 4 to 1, the takers little dreaming that their doubts about his starting were so near their verification.

The 2,000 Guinea Stakes were scarcely mentioned, the only bet that reached us being a small one of 5 to 4 on Achmet against the field.

At nine o'clock in the evening, the fears of Elis's backers were realized; "he had been tried with Pussy, Venison, and Drummer, the Portland length, and could not go the distance with the weight; Pussy, in fact, won the trial easy, and as her running with Alfred was not of a very encouraging description, Elis was scratched, and Venison decided to be "no go." Birdlime was struck out at the same time, and Silenus and Turban at the heading of the list. The news that Elis was declared not to start spread rapidly, and was not by any means pleasantly received. It is true that his running had for several days been a matter of speculation, and that no one had even been seen to take the odds about him for his immediate party; those, therefore, who laid out their teas and pomes on him during the last two or three days, did so at a well-understood risk, and have no real cause of complaint. Nevertheless, we are induced to join in the general regret that he did now show, as his mere appearance would have drawn many more to the town, and imparted additional importance to the most interesting race of which Newmarket can now boast.—The afternoon's racing was good as to quantity, but middling in character; the following is a return:—

Match, 200 h. ft., D. I.—Lord Suffield's *Alfred*, 7st. 7lb. (Pavis), beat Duke of Richmond's *Pussy*, 8st. 10lb. (Rogers), by a length very easily.

Betting: 2 to 1 on Alfred.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three year olds; colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 4lb.; T.Y.C.; the winner to be sold for 200, &c.; five subs.

Lord Exeter's f. *Candia*.....(Connelly) 1
Colonel Peel's Rosabel.....(Pavis) 2
Mr. Vansittart's Brother to Florestan.....(Wright) 3
Gen. Grosvenor's Laodice.....(J. Day) 4
Mr. Batson's ch. f. Liveness.....(Nat) 5

Betting: 5 to 1 agst. Rosabel (taken), 2 to 1 agst. Liveness, and 5 to 2 agst. Brother to Florestan.—Rosabel led in front to the ends, where Candia went up and challenged, and after a severe struggle home, won by a head: Liveness was beaten off. The winner was claimed by Mr. Bond.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for 3 yr. olds, &c.; T.Y.C.; 8 subs.

Col. Peel's *Vulture*, 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb.....(Pavis) 1
Mr. Newton's c. by Cetus, out of Brilliante, 3 yrs. 5st. 12lb.....(Cotton) 2

The following also started, but were not placed:—Mr. Sowerby's Rioter, 6 yrs. 9st. 2lb. (Mann); Lord Lichfield's Foozool, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb. (S. Day); Mr. Rae's Hiot, 4 yrs. 7st. (Chappie); Lord Egremont's Madeira, 3 yrs. 6st. 1lb. (Boyce); Duke of Richmond's Haveldar, 4 yrs. 7st. 2lb. (Rogers); and Lord Exeter's Champion, 3 yrs. 5st. 12lb. (a lad).—Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Madeira, 4 to 1 agst. Rioter, 4 to 1 agst. Foozool, and 4 to 1 agst. Vulture.

After a couple of false starts, the horses got off in good order, and ran together about 100 yards; Vulture then took the lead at a great pace, and in a few strides was six or eight lengths ahead; this distance was diminished as they approached the cords, but the mare was never caught, and won in a canter by two lengths: Rioter and Madeira were next, and at the fag end Champion, Haveldar, and Idiot.

Match, 100, h. ft., T.Y.C.—Col. Peel's *Zenana*, 8st. (Pavis), beat Mr. Houldsworth's *Dewsbury*, 8st. 7lb. (J. Day), in a canter, by four lengths, 5 to 4 on Zenana.

Fifty Pounds, for four year olds, 7st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 3lbs.; six and aged, 8st. 9lb.; last 3 miles of R.C.

Sir M. Wood's *Tom Beazeley*, 4 yrs.....(Pavis) 1
Mr. Bird's Redshank, 4 yrs.....(Boyce) 2
Mr. Houldsworth's Hectic, 5 yrs.....(Rogers) 3

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Tom Beazeley (taken), 11 to 8 agst. Redshank (taken), and 4 to 1 agst. Hectic.—This was one of the hollowest things ever seen, and admits of little in the way of description. Tom Beazeley set off at a good pace, cut down his horses before they had gone half way, and actually walked in 30 lengths in advance of Redshank, and twice as many before Hectic! Redshank was backed for a good deal of money, yet it is notorious that in his best day he never could run more than a mile!

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; T.Y.C.; 3 subs.

Lord Tavistock's c. *Young Augustus* received Mr. Poyntz's forfeit, and Mr. Batson's f. *Liveness* by Peter Lely, out of Worthless, withdrew her stake.

Match, 100, h. ft.—Lord Lichfield's *Cassandra*, by Priam, received forfeit from Mr. Kent's *Ringlet*.

Match, 300, h. ft.—Mr. Greville's *Mango* agst. Col. Peel's c. by Lapdog, out of Mary Ann, 7st. by consent.

TUESDAY, April 25.

If it had been bespoken for the occasion, the weather could not have been more favorable for this, the "grand day" of the three Spring meetings. The town was crowded long before the commencement of the races, and the inns so completely crammed, that in some of them eight or ten at a time were feign to take up their quarters in a bed-room; every house in the place was in requisition, and double the number would not have supplied the demand by cantabs and cockneys. The Heath presented a very animated appearance, and we may venture to say, that the sport, without being very plentiful, was entirely satisfactory to all whose anticipations of amusement were not disturbed by pecuniary calculations.

The following is a list of such of the principal visitors as came under our notice in the course of the day:—Dukes of Portland and Rutland, Marquis and Marchioness of Tavistock, Marquis of Exeter, Lord and Lady Chesterfield, Lord and Lady Lichfield, Lord and Lady Suffield, Lords Uxbridge, Stradbroke, Jersey, Godolphin, S. Osborne, G. Bentinck, C. Manners, Villiers, J. Fitzroy, and Berners; Sir J. Shelley, Sir L. Glyn, Sir S. and Lady Graham; Hon. W. Rous, Hon. General Grosvenor, Hon. Colonel and Mrs. Anson, Hon. G. and Lady A. Byng, Col. Bouverie, Col. and Lady Alice Peel; Mr. and Mrs. Stonehewer, Mr. and Mrs. C. Wilson, Capt. White, Col. Copeland, Messrs. C. Greville, Etwall, M.P., Houldsworth, M.P., Shelley, S. Stanley, Thornhill, Portman, Crommelin, D. Radcliffe, Sowerby, Normandie, Worrall, Gardnor, Walker, Hawker, Newton, Batson, Heywood, Waddington, Hungerford, Payne, Osbaldeston, Irby, Poyntz, Pierrepoint, Fouris, Hunter, Clive, Dolphin, &c. &c.

A large muster of speculators previous to the races showed how strong an interest was felt in the events of this and the following day. In the first (2,000 Guinea Stakes) the betting was confined to Achmet, on whom 5 and 6 to 4 was laid several times, and 10 to 1 taken that he won it and the Derby. The speculations in the Portland ended in a change of places amongst the principal favorites. Venison opened at 5 to 2, but the Hock and Locomotive parties having sent large sums into the market, he dropped to 7 to 2, Hock rising to 3 to 1, and the north country nag to 7 to 2; 10 to 1 agst. Felix, the same agst. Jack-in-the-Green, and 12 to 1 agst. Lucifer; Gipsy not in favor.

The Derby.—At a late hour last night Hybiscus had been backed for an even thousand agst. Achmet, and had the call at the close; 700 to 100 was taken about him this morning, and 3000 to 75 about the Young Sweetpea colt. We did not hear any other bets on this race.

The Oaks.—The only bet made was one of 700 to 100 agst. Egeria.

It was announced that part of Scott's lot had started this morning for Epsom, viz.: Jerced, Mickle Fell, Capulet, Vacuna, Touchstone, Scroggins, and Carew; the others remain for the present, and will probably travel with Mr. Ridsdale's horses.

In the evening the Derby betting proved that the 2000 Guinea Stakes had not been so indefinite in the result as the Riddlesworth. Mustee, like Arachne, at the last meeting, surprised his own party by running so forward with Achmet, and as an opinion prevails that John Day has something vastly superior at home, 7 to 2 was laid to a large amount on his lot against Achmet; 5 to 1 offered agst. the latter, and no great anxiety shown to back him; Hybiscus was only a point behind, and 500 to 400 between the two taken eagerly; 11 to 1 taken in hundreds about Mango, and offers made by the taker to go on at the same price; the same odds taken to two or three fifties about Jerced, and 13 to 1 afterwards offered agst. him; 15 to 1 agst. Wintonian, 18 to 1 agst. Rat Trap (take 20 to 1), and 20 to 1 agst. Mickle Fell (taken); 1000 to 20 twice, and 45 to 1 in fifties, laid agst. Brother to Mayday; 3000 to 75 agst. Sambo, 3000 to 30 agst. Corban, and 2000 to 800 on Troilus agst. Mustee. No others mentioned. There was not much love on the Handicap; Hock and Locomotive remained at 7 to 2 each, and Venison declined to 4 to 1; 100 to 12 taken about Felix, and offers made to back Jack agst. Gipsy. At the Jockey Club dinner 1000 even was betted between Achmet and Hybiscus. Nothing said about the Oaks.

The races were decided as under:—

The King's Plate, for mares: four year olds, 8st. 5lb.; five, 9st. 4lb.; six, 9st. 10lb.; and aged, 9st. 13lb.

Duke of Richmond's *Pussy*, 6 yrs.....(Rogers) 1
Lord Egremont's Helga, 4 yrs.....(Whatley) 2
Mr. Ford's Louisa, 6 yrs.....(Nat) 3
Sir S. Smith's Eagle, aged.....(G. Edwards) 4

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Louisa (taken), 5 to 2 agst. Eagle, and 3 to 1 agst. Pussy.—Eagle went away at a steady four mile pace, Pussy lying next her, Louisa third, and Helga last; nor was there the slightest variation until they reached the corner of the plantations, where they closed, neither having as yet any advantage: they kept in company to the foot of the hill, where Eagle stepped, and Pussy taking up the running, with Helga at her heels, supported it to the finish, and won by a length cleverly. Very little money was laid out on the winner by the public, but a noble Lord betted 500 on her agst. Louisa, and, in laying out a large sum on the field for the next race, was equally fortunate.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. old fillies, 8st. 5lb.; D.M.; 4 subs.

Mr. J. Day's *Chapeau d'Espagne*.....(J. Day) 1
Mr. Batson's Voluptuary, Sister to Revelry.....(Nat) 2
Lord Exeter's Veiture.....(Connelly) 3

Betting: 6 and 7 to 4 on Veiture (taken as long as any one could be found to set it), and 3 to 1 offered agst. Voluptuary.—Chapeau d'Espagne took the lead, followed by Voluptuary, who closed with her near the cords, pressed her hard a few strides, but was at last defeated cleverly by a length. The favorite could not live with them half the distance, and, as a matter of course, disappeared from the Oaks betting.

The Two Thousand Guinea Stakes, a sub of 50 sovs. each for 2 yr. olds; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.; R.M.; 25 subs.

Lord Jersey's *Achmet*.....(E. Edwards) 1
Mr. J. Day's *Mustee*.....(J. Day) 2
Lord Exeter's *Troilus*, by Priam.....(Connelly) 3

The following also started, but were not placed:—Mr. W. Edwards' Gil Blas, by Muley, out of Bepiest (Wright); Mr. Wilson's Quicksilver (Rogers); Mr. Page's c. by Muley, out of Young Sweetpea (H. Edwards); Lord Exeter's Dardanelles; Darling; Sir S. Graham's c. by Shakspeare, out of Mervina (Wheatley), and Sir M. Wood's Blankney (Pavis).

The unadulterated nature of the running in the Craven Meeting served to invest this race with additional importance, not only as to its immediate result, but as to its probable effect on the Derby betting. Had Jerced shown, it would have been still more interesting; his not having done so was not some to infer that the party were "afraid," and that, after all, he is a mere "cock horse." The field, it will be seen, was much larger than was contemplated.

Several false starts occurred before they could be got off, this, at last, was effected in tolerable order, Troilus leading at a good pace, closely followed on the off-side by Achmet, and by Mustee and Gil Blas on the left, the others lying up. They travelled in this order to the rushes, where Bloomsbury gave up, the Mervina colt and Dardanelles at the same point exhibiting unequivocal symptoms of distress. The Young Sweetpea colt rushing in Chifney's colors and said to be his property) here ran up to Troilus, lived with him down the hill, and cut it in the bottom. Edwards now called on Achmet, who went up to Troilus, had a bit of a tussle with him, and led him safe at the cords. Mustee in a made his push, shot by Troilus, and, in a hard struggle up the rose, made Achmet's victory so far from an easy one, that the spurs were found necessary to get half a length in advance at the judge's chair. Troilus was about a length behind Mustee. (It is asserted that, when called upon at the bottom, Achmet showed no same disposition to lean to the hill as we noted in our account of the Riddlesworth, and that he forced Troilus against Mustee, who was running on the rising side. We were not at the spot, but have reason to believe that such was the fact.) Gil Blas was a respectable fourth, Quicksilver fifth, and the Sweetpea colt next: but some lengths from the first lot; the others were tailed off. The race was excellent. The brother of Achmet won this race last year, with Elis for second (John Day,—both different animals. "We guess," to the 1st and 2d of this day.—Immediately after the race 2,500 to 500 and 1000 to 200 were betted against Achmet for the Derby.

WEDNESDAY, April 26.

The continuation of bright and seasonable weather, and the anxiety to witness the contest for the Portland Handicap, now one of the most popular races of the day, served to keep up the excitement observable on Tuesday. Great numbers flocked into the town in the course of the morning, and the scene on the Heath became one of extreme animation during the two hours occupied by the running.

The following is a return of this day's racing:—

Fifty Pounds for 4 yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.; 5, 8st. 11lb.; 6 and aged, 9st. 1lb.; B.C.

Duke of Grafton's *Calmuck*, 4 yrs.....(Rogers) 1
Mr. Rogers's ch. c. *Professor*, by Whisker, 4 yrs.....(Day) 2

Betting: 5 to 1 offered on Calmuck, but scarcely a bet made, the Portland Handicap engrossing the attention of all parties.—Professor made all the play to the Duke's Stand, where Calmuck was lying at his girths: a few strides beyond it the latter went in front, and won cleverly by two lengths.

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 200 added by the Jockey Club; last 5 miles of R.C.; six subs.

Duke of Richmond's *Sejanus*, 4 yrs. 7st. 10lb.....(Rogers) 1
Duke of Portland's *Bridle*, 4 yrs. 8st. 13lb.....(Nat) 2
Mr. H. Stevens's *Bedford*, 6 yrs. 8st. 10lb.....(Mann) 3
Mr. Rae's *Hiot*, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb. (carried 6lbs. too much).....(Pavis) 4
Mr. Shelley's *The Pope*, 4 yrs. 7st. 10lb.....(Carter) 5

Betting: 6 to 1, to a large amount, on Sejanus, and a few fives and tens laid out by those who were not aware how "good a thing" it was on Brute and The Pope at 5 and 6 to 1, and on Bedford at 6 to 1.—Sejanus carried his friends through by cutting down his opponents before they had gone half the distance, and winning in a canter by ten lengths: there were twice as many between each of the others, but The Pope broke down near the ropes, and Hiot was wise enough to pull up at the Duke's Stand.

The Portland Handicap of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., with 300 added by the Duke of Portland; last 3 miles of R.C.; 11 subs.

Mr. J. Day's *Trustee*, 4 yrs. 7st. 9lb.....(J. Day) 1
Lord Tavistock's *Jack-in-the-Green*, 4 yrs. 6st. 10lb.....(Connelly) 2
Lord Egremont's *Hock*, 4 yrs. 7st. 2lb.....(Carter) 3
Mr. Robertson's *Lucifer*, 5 yrs. 7st. 11lb.....(Nat) 4
Mr. Houldsworth's *Felix*, 5 yrs. 7st. 7lb.....(Rogers) 5
Mr. Dawson's *Locomotive*, 4 yrs. 6st. 10lb.....(Day) 6
Lord Suffield's *Airy*, 6 yrs. 6st. 12lb.....(Pavis) 7
Mr. Walker's *Gipsy*, 5 yrs. 7st. 12lb.....(Mann) 8

This was the grand attraction of the day, but its custe was doomed to be obscured—its brightness to fade away: Redshank, Hock, Venison, Lucifer Birdlime, and above all, Elis, were amid the entries, and speculators were divided: but, alas! on Tuesday the fatal "scratching" occurred, and the melancholy words "paid," opposite the names of Redshank, Jacob Faithful, Birdlime, Elis, Silenus, and Turban, indicated the abridgment of the hoped-for sport. The Elissarians might have been picked out at a hundred paces distance—"melancholy had marked them for her own." Whether Elis was placed "hors de combat" on account of Venison, is a question; but his retirement did nothing for his some Companate, who did not advance one j ount even long after it was known that the race not would not start. Grumbling was the order of the evening and of the following day—confidence was certainly shaken, if not destroyed—and the conduct of the Elis party deemed "very extraordinary." On the other hand, it was said that a trial had been had between Venison, Drummer (?), Pussy (?), and Elis the night before. Trials of horses differ from those of men, for the former are usually secret tribunals—but this trial, by all accounts, was as public as the heart of man could desire—every body knew it and its result. There is no doubt that the horses did run together, bestridden by riders in trial jackets, and the event was declared to be—

Pussy.....1 (?)
Drummer (?).....2 (?)
Venison.....3 (?)
Elis.....4 (?)

That they did so run it were not wise to deny; but how, or why they ran so, is a very different question. Is this their real (condition) running? There is an ancient saying that directs the detailers of the marvellous to mention their facts to the members of the marine service, as officers of the R. N. are not so easy of credence; in this spirit we say, and hope to be pardoned the vulgarism, if any one should state the above to be the real running of the horses, he had pence, "tell that to the marines."

The betting in the town and on the Heath varied so little, that we shall confine our notice of it to what was done in the ring before starting. Locomotive was in considerable favor at 5 to 2, his friends, especially his jock, "Toomy Lee," making tolerably certain of being "there or thereabouts:" 10 to 3 and 7 to 2 offered against Hock, but not much done about him; 6 to 1, or takers of 7, about Felix; 8 to 1 agst. Jack-in-the-Green (taken in several quarters); 8 to 1 agst. Gipsy; and 10 to 1 offered agst. either Lucifer or Airy. Venison was quite out of favor even with his own party, who, relying on their trial with Pussy, laid their money against him, and stood on others. The betting, on the whole, was dull, and the race altogether inferior in interest to its namesake of 1836.—Airy made running for the first quarter of a mile at a great pace, but, unable to maintain it, resigned to Felix, who was followed by Jack-in-the-Green and Venison, the others lying rather one after the other in their wake. They kept this order through the ditch, and here, early as it was, it did not require a particularly strong glass to see which were not looking well. Locomotive was already holding out signals of distress; Gipsy directly after showed an inclination to cut, and soon run, and Airy was not substantial enough to support the pace, so that at the bushes the three had died away. Jack-in-the-Green now went in front at fair rate speed, Hock, Lucifer, Felix, and Venison, lying up, the latter, as it appeared to us, being about fourth until they reached the turn of the lands, where he bettered his position, Jack-in-the-Green still supporting a strong lead. At the Duke's Stand Jack and Venison singled themselves out, the former leading, and looking so well, that his backers began to calculate their winnings; unfortunately for them, he is a bad finisher—Venison, perhaps, one of the best ever seen—at all events, one of the stoutest. This, in fact, won him the race: for while Jack-in-the-Green tired, he kept going on at the same steady pace, was running alongside half a distance from home, was half a length in advance at the cords, and a full length at the chair. Hock was a bad third, and so much space intervened between the others, that the judge had no difficulty in placing them all. It is clear that this race was won by stoutness, and nothing else; for it was apparent to the commonest observer that Jack-in-the-Green ran the fastest. The result, therefore, is calculated to encourage the breed of horses for long distances—the grand object contemplated by his Grace the Duke of Portland in the establishment of the race.

THURSDAY, April 27.

Another beautiful morning, the fields full of Londoners, going a lot of the healthy ones in a way before breakfast. Each stand had lots of gazers whilst performing the exercises, and the coming sport was eagerly discussed. Chapeau being as great a favorite in the field as he had been the previous evening in the rooms. As the forenoon advanced, the cantabs came in full force; and when the word was given at the arrival of the hour of two, the lanes were moving towards the downs; horses of every breed, from the high-mettled Arabian to the shaggy Shetland, galloped to the course amid the flying of Mackintoshes and the flocking of feathers. The vehicles were more numerous than usual, and Newmarket race course was itself again.

Beyond the 1000 Guinea Stakes there was little attraction in the list for the Venison, and that was stripped of much of its importance by the race on Tuesday between Chapeau and Espagne. Voluptuary, and Veiture. Two of the three again met, Lord Exeter's party arguing, and almost believing, that the first race was a

of Isabel, 3 yrs., 7 st., (Pavis); Mr. Ellis's Miss Sophia, 3 yrs., 6 st. 7 lb., (Boyce); and General Grosvenor's Laodice, 3 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb., (Cotton). Betting,—2 to 1 on Mendizabal (taken freely), and afterwards offered against him; 4 to 1 against Isabel, 5 to 1 against St. Luke (taken), and 6 to 1 against Redshank. Mendizabal made the running, and won by a length cleverly, St. Luke being a length behind the second; Redshank and Isabel were next, and the others tailed off.

Thursday, May 11.—The list for to-day furnished four races, but this was the only improvement, nearly all the visitors having already taken flight. The only changes in the betting were in Mango, Wintonian, and Sambo. Several attempts were made to back the former at 6 to 1, Wintonian retiring to 10 to 1; Sambo had left for Epsom, "leg" and all this was enough to set plenty on, and it is a fact that the expectation that the simple circumstance of his being on the road would make him a "rattling favorite," induced two or three parties to jump at 20 and 25 to 1, in the belief that they should be enabled to hedge to advantage! The same feeling, it will be seen, prevailed for a moment in London, nor is it at all improbable that something will be made of him before the race is over. The handicap run this afternoon effectually set at rest all hopes of the Slight colt doing any good for his backers. The afternoon's sport was as under:—

The Jockey Club Plate of 50*l*. 1 yrs. 7 st. 2 lbs.; 5 yrs. 8 st. 3 lbs.; 6 and aged, 8 st. 9 lb.; B.C.

Duke of Grafton's *Calmuck*, 4 yrs.....(Nat) 1
Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabal, 4 yrs.....(Boyce) 2
Duke of Richmond's Pussy, 6 yrs.....(Rogers) 3

Even on Pussy.—The three kept together at a slow pace for the first mile; Calmuck then took up the running at increased speed, maintained it to the end, and won in a canter by six lengths. Pussy fell lame in running.

Fifty Pounds. For 3 yrs., 6 st. 2 lb.; 4 yrs., 8 st.; 5 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.; 6 yrs. and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; T.M.M.

Sir M. Wood's *Amesbury*, aged.....(Pavis) 1
Mr. Vansittart's Boy to Florestan, 3 yrs.....(Day) 2
Sir S. Graham's c. by Shakspeare, 3 yrs.....(Cotton) 3

The following were not placed:—Mr. Rogers's Professor, 4 yrs., (Rogers); Lord Exeter's Champion, 3 yrs., (lad); Duke of Grafton's Algebra, 3 yrs., (Pettitt); Mr. Houldsworth's Dan, 3 yrs., (lad); and Lord Suffield's Anvil, 3 yrs., (Boyce). Betting,—2 to 1 against Amesbury, 4 to 1 against Brother to Florestan, and 5 to 1 against Professor. Amesbury made the running, and a hundred yards from home had ten to one the best of the race in appearance; Brother to Florestan now ran up and challenged, and surprised himself by making it a dead heat. The plate was divided, and Amesbury walked over.

Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each. For 2 yr. old colts, 8 st. 5 lb., and fillies 8 st. 3 lb. T.Y.C. 4 subs.

Duke of Rutland's f. by Hawker, dam by Pan.....(Pavis) 1
Mr. W. Edwards's b. c. Hurricane.....(Wright) 2
Mr. Bond's Brother to Rioter.....(Cotton) 3
Mr. Walker's Constance.....(Nat) 4

6 to 4 against Hawker, 2 to 1 against Hurricane, 3 to 1 against Constance, and 4 to 1 against Brother to Rioter. The lot lay well together for the first half mile, after which the Hawker filly made the play, and won easy by a length.

Handicap of 10 sovs each. T.Y.C.

Sir S. Graham's *Acon*, 3 yrs., 6 st. 2 lb.....(Cotton) 1
Mr. Walker's Gipsy, 5 yrs., 8 st. 6 lb.....(Nat) 2

The following not placed:—Sir M. Wood's The Glama, 5 yrs. 9 st. 4 lb., (S. Day): Duke of Rutland's c. by Catton, out of Slight, 3 yrs., 7 st. 11 lb., (Connelly): Mr. Pettit's Menas, 4 yrs., 7 st. 10 lb., (Pettit); Duke of Richmond's Haveldar, 4 yrs., 7 st. 2 lbs., (S. Rogers); Col. Peel's Puppy, 3 yrs., 6 st. 12 lb., (Pavis). Avon got a good start, led in front all the way, and won easy by two lengths. Haveldar hurt himself in running, and was unable to start for Epsom.

Bell's Life in London, May 14.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse Tauzag, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mameluke, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself. See English Racing Calendar. [SOLD]

No. 2.—Powhatan, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy.—He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from go of field in, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—Dashall, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—Middlesex, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castianira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—Bergen, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. Langford, by Starch, out of Pen, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. John Bull, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Wolfal—grandam Beningborough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. Somerset, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. Margaret, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13.—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14.—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15.—Bay mare Charlotte Pace, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16.—Chesnut mare Powancey, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castiana, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17.—Gray mare Bianca, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18.—Chesnut mare Young Nettletop, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Dioned—Imp. horse Old Shark—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 364. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare Miss Mattie, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 257. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare Blanche, foaled 1824, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g. g. dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g. g. g. dam the Bashaw mare. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare Lady Mostyn, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g. g. dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare Helen, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, by Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

FOR SALE.

TWO THOROUGHBRED FILLIES, 4 years old this Spring. They are only halter broke, never having been backed.

No. 1. A brown filly, of fine size, with plenty of bone and sinew, and in good form. She was got by Eagle, her dam Lady Mar, (the dam of the honest running horse Lara), grandam by Imp. Citizen, g. grandam by Quicksilver, (he by old Medley, out of a Wildair,) g. g. grandam by Selim, g. g. g. grandam by Fearnought. Price $400.

No. 2. A Chesnut filly, by Eagle, her dam by Tiberius's Rattler, grandam by Escape, her g. grandam Young Adeline, by Topgallant; her dam (Col. Taylor's celebrated running mare Adeline) by Imp. Spread Eagle; her dam by Whistle Jacket; her dam by Old Rockingham; her dam by Old Cub; her dam by the famous Lady Northumberland. Escape was by Col. Hoomes's imported horse Horns (he by Precipitate) his dam by Imp. Bedford, his grandam Gasteria (full sister to Gas, imported by Col. Hoomes,) was by Balloon, he by old Highflyer. This filly is not tall, but is strong, and in fine running form. Price $500.

Eagle, the sire of these fillies, was bred by the late Stephen Hunt, of New Jersey. Eagle was got by old Sir Solomon, his dam by Imp. Honest John, (he by Sir Peter Teazle), grandam Zelipha, by old Messenger, the latter being up to the same ancestry with Rattler, Sumpter, Flirtilla, &c. In consequence of the death of Mr. Hunt, Eagle was not trained. He was full brother to the celebrated running mare Roxana.

If the above described fillies are not sold previous to the first meeting at the Philadelphia and Camden Race Course, (last week in May,) they can be seen there.

For further information, apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway, New York, or to Gen. C. IRVINE, the breeder of them, at Philadelphia.

May 1, 1837 [m6]

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE—JUNE, 1837.

CONTENTS—*Original Papers.*—The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; Sunrise and Sunset; Leaves from a Lady's Journal, No. 5; Rose to the Dead; Won Jung, the Mystific; The Poem; Vanderlyn.

Critical Notices.—Lockhart's Life of Scott; An Address on Temperance; The Life of Oliver Goldsmith.

Monthly Commentary.—Philadelphia: Seventh Annual Report of the American Lyceum. This day published by Geo. Dearborn & Co. 38 Gold-st.

New York, June 1, 1837. [J3]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL.

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Betsey Ransom, 4 yrs. old this Spring, of fine form, great substance, and good action. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A22]

HEALTH.

205 GREENE STREET, near Bleecker, and No. 233 Broadway, corner of Anthony Street.

The exercises of the Gymnasium are the best adapted, and the most equinomical for time and money, for the preservation of health and invigorating the constitution. Hundreds of persons of this city can testify to the beneficial effects from exercising in the Gymnasium.

W. Fuller respectfully announces that he has erected in the rear of his establishment a Shooting Gallery.

The terms will be made known on applying as above.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual.

N.B. The junior class for Gymnastic exercises three days in the week, from 1 to 5 o'clock

...ial from the ...ts stake. It will be seen that although they had a trio of fresh horses to meet, the result was the same.

The King's Plate of forty guineas. 4 yr olds carrying 98st 5lb.—5 lbst. 5lb.—6 and aged, 1 lbst.; R.C.

Mr. J. Day's Fanny, 3 yrs.....[S. Day] 1
Lord Tavistock's Jack in the Green, 6 yrs.....[Wright] 2

Betting: 10, 8, and at last 6 to 1 on Venison, who made running at a slow pace, meaning it as they approached choak jade (about half the distance), defeated Jack in an attempt to get up at the plantations, was never headed, and won cleverly by a length.

Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, for 3 yr olds, colts 8st 7lb., fillies 8st. 5lb.; first half of Ab. Mile. [Abingdon's the last for 50 sovs. Ab.; 1 mile.

Col. Peel's *Charlotte*.....[Davis] 1
Capt. Gosling's g. f. *Sister to Zenana*.....[Chapple] 2
Lord Lichfield's f. by Emilius, out of Ada.....[S. Day] 3
Mr. Kendall's Knight of the Whistle.....[Rogers] 4

The first betting was even on Castaside; Zenana then got into favor, and at the finish it was even betting again, either.—The four got off abreast, but Castaside, going the fastest, soon obtained the lead, kept it, and won by a length; Ringlet was several lengths astern.

The Oaks Trial Stakes. Gainers' Stakes of 100 sovs. each; h. ft., for 3 yr. old fillies, 8st. 7lb.; D. M. [1 mile.

Mr. J. Day's *Chapeau d'Espagne*.....J. Day] 1
Lord Exeter's *Vesta*.....[Connelly] 2
Lord Exeter's *Countess*.....[Darling] 3
Lord Jersey's g. by Sultan, out of *Emerence*.....[H. Edwards] 4
Lord Orford's *Amelia*.....[Nat] 5

Betting: 500 to 200 on the list, to 100 several others at the same odds, on Chapeau d'Espagne, and 4 to 1 offered agst. Filegree.—Chapeau d'Espagne took the lead, followed in close order by Lord Exeter's mares to the end of the T.Y.C., where Vesta went up, and tried on the Chapeau, but finding it did not fit, declined, leaving Jolin Day to win easily by a length; Comate was about a length behind Vesta; the Filagree filly two lengths from Comate, and Armenion several lengths astern of all.— The results up to this day are in favor of caravan traveling. Venison and Chapeau having each won their two races, and Muster ran second for his.

Match, 200 h. ft. R.M.—Mr. S. Stanley's *Rat Trap*, 8st. 2lb., received 80 sovs. from Mr. Thornhill's Brother to Mouche, 8st. 7lb.

FRIDAY, April 28.

Match, 50 sovs., R.C.—Mr. Greenacre's *Hedgeford*, 9st. (Boyce) beat Col. Anson's *Mazeppa*, 8st. 12lb. (W. Boyce), by inches.

Betting: 2 to 1 on Hedgeford.—He got made running the whole of the way, and won by a head, after a close quick run inside the cords. Not half a dozen bets made.

Handicap of 10 sovs. each; 9 subs.

Duke of Rutland's *Florestan*, 5 yrs. 9st. 2lb.....[Nat] 1
Duke of Richmond's *Foozool*, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb.....[S. Day] 2

The following were not placed:—Duke of Richmond's Mus, 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb. (Rogers); Lord Suffield's Airy, 6 yrs. 8st. (Connelly); Col. Peel's Puppy, by Lapdog, 3 yrs. 7st. 6lb. (Davis); Lord Verulam's Duvernay, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb. (Boyce); Sir S. Graham's Avon, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb. (Cotton); Mr. Thornhill's Brother to Mouche, 3 yrs. 6st. (Pettit); Lord Lichfield's f. by Emilius, out of Ada, 3 yrs. 5st. 7lb. (Doe).—Betting: 11 to 8 on Mus, 4 to 1 agst. Ada, 5 to 1 agst. Duvernay, and 10 to 1 agst. Florestan.

Several false starts were made by the young ones, and full half an hour lost before the lot got under weigh; they then started in good order, Avon with a slight lead, but all well together for about half the distance, by which time Bro. to Mouche and the Ada filly were beaten off; the others kept in company to the ropes, where Florestan broke up the running, defeated a desperate rush made just at the finish by Foozool, and won cleverly by a length.

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; 3 yr olds 7st.—1 yr. 8st. 6lb.—5 and aged, 9 M. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. 5 subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's *Reuben*, 4 yrs.....[J. Day] 0
Lord Lichfield's *Champion*, 3 yrs.....[Mann] 0

The following also started:—Duke of Richmond's Haveldar, 4 yrs. (Rogers); Lord Lichfield's Kathleen, 3 yrs. (Doe); and Lord Tavistock's c. by The Arabian Orphan, out of Aurora (Chapple). After the dead heat Reuben walked over, and the stake was decided.

Even on Haveldar. They started in line, and kept so right into the cords, where Reuben and Champion singled themselves out, and after a set-to of great severity, made the finish a dead heat. Reuben afterwards walked over, and the stakes were divided.

The Newmarket Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for 2 yr. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 5lb. D.M. [2 subs.

Mr. S. Stanley's *Rat Trap*.....[Davis] 1
Lord Exeter's Brother to Mayday.....[J. Day] 2
Mr. Bowes's Volpone.....[Nat] 3
Lord Exeter's Troubadour.....[Connelly] 1
Lord Chesterfield's *Edgar*.....[Scott] 5
Lord Exeter's *Adrian*.....[Mann] 6

The first betting was even and 6 to 5 on Rat Trap; it then rose to 7 to 4, which was laid several times, and closed at 11 to 8 on him: 4 to 1 agst. Mayday: 4 to 1 agst. Troubadour, and 10 to 1 agst. Volupturary.—The race is easily described. After running together a few strides, Brother to May-Day went in front, but was not suffered to remain there long, as Rat Trap took the running from him before they reached the new ground, was never afterwards caught, and won by a length with the most perfect ease. The four were beaten clean off by the time they had travelled half the distance; in fact, a more decisive victory has never been won.

Rat Trap is by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse, and was purchased at the King's annual sale in 1835, for 180 gs.; the dam was bought into the royal stud at the sale of the late Lord Burlington's horses. The Boyce's have recently bought Bizarre for 150 gs.

Before going to the Heath 20 to 1 was taken about Defender, and 40 to 1 to a small sum about Lord Stafford. Immediately previous to the race, Rat Trap was backed freely for the Derby at 9 and 10 to 1, and 2000 to 10 taken about Brother to May-Day. The extraordinary ease with which Rat Trap defeated his horses added to the easy victory achieved by his trial nag, Florestan, brought him at once to the top of the betting, 4 to 1 having been taken several times in hundreds. He has all the "outward and visible signs" of a Derby horse—is a resolute and powerful goer, and one of the best winded horses we ever saw: when pulled up by one who had not seen him run would have imagined that he had been taking more than a gentle canter. Brother to May-Day was backed after the race at 1000 to 35, and 10, 12, and 14 to 1 offered against Achmet. The meeting, therefore, has had the effect of seriously diminishing the field for the Derby, of electing for first favorite a horse of very superior pretensions, and of producing important fluctuations amongst those still remaining in the betting.

Bell's Life in London, 30th April.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

Tuesday, May 9.—From such a day as the first preserve us!—one race! a long of small dimensions, and weather wretchedly cold. On the course we observed the Duke of Rutland, Lords Stradbroke, Jersey, C. Manners, G. H. Bentinck, J. Fitzroy, and Orford; Srs M. and Lady Wood, C. Watson, and S. Graham, General Grosvenor and Colonel Peel: Messrs C. Wilson, Thornhill, Walter Worrall, Thornhill, jun., Ivby, Hunter, Stonehewer, Fitzroy, Newton, Hawker, Sowerby, &c. As we have stated before, there was only one race, the Rowley Mile Stake, which, always an interesting event, derived additional importance from the appearance of *Phosphorus*, whose noble owner resolved on starting him although certainly in physic at the time! Notwithstanding this, he won in a canter, after making all the play, and immediately rose to 10 to 1 for the Derby, the Sam bit cob, as a matter of course, disappearing from the betting. The race will speak for itself:—

Five Pounds each, with 100 sovs. added to the Stakes, for colts and fillies 8st. 7lb. R.M.

Lord Exeter's *Mundig*, 4 yrs.....(J. Day) 1
Lord [illegible]'s *Mundig*, 4 yrs.....(Nat) 2
Duke of Rutland's *Phosphorus*, 4 yrs.....(Connelly) 3
Mr. Houldsworth's *Reuben*, 4 yrs.....(Wheatley) 0

The following also started, but were not placed:—General Grosvenor's b. c. by Sarpedon out of Passoria, by Little John, (Perren); Lord Suffield's Anvil, (Connelly); Mr. Bunbury's ch. f. by Polygar, dam by Skim, out of Pentagon, (E. Edwards); Lord Stradbroke's ch. f. Doris, by The Colonel, out of Arethusa, (Chapple); Lord Tavistock's b. c. by Camel, dam by Phantom, out of Breeze, (Wright); General Yates's Grand Cairo, (Davis); Mr. Payne's c. by Muley, out of Young Sweetpea, (Butler); and Mr. Newton's f. Fanchon, (a bad).—Betting, —7 to 1 and 2 to 1 on Sight taken; 5 to 2 against Phosphorus (taken), and 10 to 1 against any other.—Fanchon, not to lose a bad name, played her usual pranks at starting, and occasioned the loss of nearly half an hour before Perren the starter could get them off. The race is described in a few words: Phosphorus made play at a good pace, followed by Medina, Sight, Sweetpea, and Grand Cairo, who never headed, and won in a canter by two lengths; Medina making second place by a neck. Sweetpea ran forward and was fourth, Grand Cairo next, the others were beaten off.

Monday, May 8.—A M—Duke of Rutland's *Mus*, 7 yrs. 10 lbs.....[Scott] 1
[illegible]

Wednesday, May 10.—Everything "followed suit"—one race, little or no betting, and piercing cold winds, accompanied by violent storms of hail, rain, and snow. The race and colts as follows:—

Handicap of 10 sovs. each, h. ft.; 6 yrs. old and aged 12 stone. A. F.

Mr. Thornhill's *Mouche*, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.....(Connelly) 1
Mr. Wilson's ch. f. by *Muley*, out of *Miss Agnes*, 7 yrs. 7 lbs.....(Rogers) 2
Mr. Stanley's b. f. by *Muley*, out of *Miss Agnes*, 7 yrs. 7 lbs.....(Mann) 3

The following were not placed:—Mr. Bunbury's Redshank, 4 yrs., 8st. 7 lb., (C. Edwards); Mr. S. Smith's Mozart, 5 yrs., 8st. (E. Edwards); Mr. Houldsworth's Dan, 5 yrs., 7st. 5 lb., (S. Day); Sir M. Wood's ch. f. by Langar, out

of Isabel, 3 yrs., 7 st., (Davis); Mr. Ellis's Miss Sophia, 3 yrs., 6 st. 7 lb., (Boyce); and General Grosvenor's Laudace, 3 yrs., 6 st. 4 lb., (Cotton). Betting.—2 to 1 on Mendizabal (taken freely), and afterwards offered against him; 4 to 1 against Isabel, 5 to 1 against St. Luke (taken), and 6 to 1 against Redshank. Mendizabal made the running, and won by a length cleverly, St. Luke being a length behind the second; Redshank and Isabel were next, and the others tailed off.

Thursday, May 11.—The list for to-day furnished four races, but this was the only improvement, nearly all the visitors having already taken flight. The only changes in the betting were in Mango, Wintonian, and Sambo. Several attempts were made to back the former at 8 to 1, Wintonian retiring to 10 to 1; Sambo had left for Epsom, "leg" and all this was enough to set plenty on, and it is a fact that the expectation that the simple encumstance of his being on the road would make him a "rattling favorite," induced two or three parties to jump at 20 and 25 to 1, in the belief that they should be enabled to hedge to advantage! The same feeling, it will be seen, prevailed for a moment in London, nor is it at all improbable that something will be made of him before the race is over. The handicap run this afternoon effectually set at rest all hopes of the Slight colt doing any good for his backers. The afternoon's sport was as under:—

The Jockey Club Plate of 50*l*. 4 yrs. 7 st. 2 lb.; 5 yrs. 8 st. 3 lbs.; 6 and aged, 8 st. 5 lb. R.C.

Duke of Grafton's *Caimock*, 4 yrs.....(Nat) 1
Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabal, 4 yrs.....(Boyce) 2
Duke of Richmond's Pussy, 6 yrs.....(Rogers) 3

Even on Pussy.—The three kept together at a slow pace for the first mile; Calmuck then took up the running at increased speed, maintained it to the end, and won in a canter by six lengths. Pussy fell lame in running.

Fifty Pounds. For 3 yrs., 6 st. 2 lb.; 4 yrs., 8 st.; 5 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.; 6 yrs. and aged, 8 st. 12 lb. T. M. M.

Sir M. Wood's *Amesbury*, aged.....Pavis) 1
Mr. Vansittart's Bro. to Florestan, 3 yrs.....(Doe) 2
Sir S. Graham's c. by Shakspeare, 3 yrs.....(Cotton) 3

The following were not placed:—Mr. Rogers's Professor, 4 yrs., (Rogers); Lord Exeter's Champion, 3 yrs., (Jad); Duke of Grafton's Algebra, 3 yrs., (Pettit); Mr. Houldsworth's Dan, 3 yrs., (Jad); and Lord Suffield's Anvil, 3 yrs., (Boyce). Betting,—2 to 1 against Amesbury, 4 to 1 against Brother to Florestan, and 5 to 1 against Professor. Amesbury made the running, and a hundred yards from home had ten to one the best of the race in appearance; Brother to Florestan now ran up and challenged, and surprised himself by making it a dead heat. The plate was divided, and Amesbury walked over.

Sweepstakes of 25 sys. each. For 2 yr. old colts, 8 st. 5 lb., and fillies 8 st. 3 lb. T.Y.C. 4 subs.

Duke of Rutland's f. by Hawker, dam by Pan.....(Pavis) 1
Mr. W. Edwards's b. c. Hurricane.....(Wright) 2
Mr. Bond's Brother to Rioter.....(Connelly) 3
Mr. Walker's Constance.....(Nat) 4

6 to 4 against Hawker, 2 to 1 against Hurricane, 3 to 1 against Constance, and 4 to 1 against Brother to Rioter. The lot lay well together for the first half mile, after which the Hawker filly made the play, and won easy by a length.

Handicap of 10 sovs each. T. Y. C.

Sir S. Graham's *Avon*, 3 yrs., 6 st. 2 lb.....(Cotton) 1
Mr. Walker's Gipsy, 5 yrs., 8 st. 6 lb.....(Nat) 2

The following not placed:—Sir M. Wood's The Glama, 5 yrs. 9 st. 4 lb., (S. Day): Duke of Rutland's c. by Catton, out of Slight, 3 yrs., 7 st. 11 lb., (Connelly): Mr. Pettit's Menas, 4 yrs., 7 st. 10 lb., (Pettit); Duke of Richmond's Haveldar, 4 yrs., 7 st. 2 lbs., (S. Rogers); Col. Peel's Puppy, 3 yrs., 6 st. 12 lb., (Pavis). Avon got a good start, laid in front all the way, and won easy by two lengths. Haveldar hurt himself in running, and was unable to start for Epsom.

Bell's Life in London, May 14.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U. S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse Tagrag, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself, See English Racing Calendar. [SOLD.]

No. 2.—Powhattan, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from go of fleets, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—Dashall, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—Middlesex, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castmira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—Berrien, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. Langford, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. John Bell, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Wolsi—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. Somerset, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. Margaret, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13.—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14.—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15.—Bay mare Charlotte Pace, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16.—Chesnut mare Powancey, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castmira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17.—Gray mare Bianca, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18.—Chesnut mare Young Nettletop, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Cleveland—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19.—Bay mare Miss Mattie, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20.—Chesnut mare Blanche, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g. g. dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g. g. g. dam the Bay Barb mare. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21.—Imported bay mare Lady Mostyn, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Haubletonian, g. g. dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22.—Gray mare Helen, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, by Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

FOR SALE.

TWO THOROUGHBRED FILLIES, 4 years old this Spring. They are only halter broke, never having been backed.

No. 1. A bay filly, of fine size, with plenty of bone and sinew, and in good form. She was got by Eagle, her dam Lady Mar, (the dam of the honest running horse Lara), grandam by Imp. Citizen, g. g. grandam by Quicksilver, the by old Medley, out of a Wildair, g. g. g. gran dam by Selim, g. g. g. grandam by Fearnought. Price $400.

No. 2. A Chesnut filly, by Eagle, her dam by Thompson's Rattler, grandam by Escape, her g. grandam Young Adeline, by Topgallant; her dam (Col. Taylor's celebrated running mare Adeline) by Imp. Special Eagle; her dam by Whistle Jacket; her dam by Old Rockingham; her dam by Old Cub; her dam the famous Lady Northumberland. Escape was by Col. Hoomes's imported horse Horns (the by Precipitate) his dam by Imp. Bedford, his grandam Eastern Maid (full sister to Gas, imported by Col. Hoomes,) was by Balloon, he by old Highflyer. This filly is rat tail, but is handsome, and in fine running form. Price $500.

Eagle, the sire of these fillies, was bred by the late Stephen Hunt, of New Jersey. Eagle was got by old Sir Solomon, his dam by Imp. Honest John, (he by Sir Peter Teazle), grandam Zelphia, by old Messenger, then tracing up to the same ancestry with Rattler, Sumpter, Florilla, &c. In consequence of the death of Mr. Hunt, Eagle was not trained. He was full brother to the celebrated running mare Roxana.

If the above described fillies are not sold previous to the first meeting at the Philadelphia and Camden Race Course, (last week in May,) they can be seen there.

For further information, apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway, New York, or to Gen. C. IRVINE, the breeder of them, at Philadelphia.

May 1, 1837 [m6]

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE—JUNE, 1837.

CONTENTS—*Original Papers.*—The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; Sunrise and Sunset; Leaves from a Lady's Journal, No. 5; Rose to the Dead; Von Jung, the Mystific; The Betrayed; A Legend of Charlemagne; Schiller's Wilhelm Tell; A Death Scene; The Token; Vanderlyn.

Critical Notices.—Lockhart's Life of Scott; An Address on Temperance; The Life of Oliver Goldsmith.

Monthly Commentary.—Philadelphia; Seventh Annual Report of the American Lyceum. This day published by Geo. Dearborn & Co. 38 Gold-st. New York, June 1, 1837. [J3]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL.

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL

COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Betsey Ransom, 4 yrs. old this Spring, of fine form, great substance, and good action. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A22]

HEALTH.

205 GREENE STREET, near Bleecker, and No. 313 Broadway, corner of Anthony Street.

The exercises of the Gymnasium are the best adapted, and the most economical for time and money, for the preservation of health and invigorating the constitution. Hundreds of persons of this city can testify to the beneficial effects from exercising in the Gymnasium.

W. Fuller respectfully announces that he has erected in the rear of his establishment in Greene-st. a Shooting Gallery.

The terms will be made known on applying as above.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual.

N.B. The junior classes for Gymnastic exercises three days in the week, from 4 to 5 o'clock

RODOLPH.

THE THOROUGH-BRED STALLION AND INVINCIBLE RACE HORSE, RODOLPH —Having recently purchased for R. L. Shelly and others, the entire interest in this celebrated Horse at $20,000 in cash, and having retired from the turf, intend, (except that with Kentucky and Tennessee, for $20,000 in all), which will be offered in June next at spring. I have determined to allow him to serve thirty mares, (besides my own), the present season. As Rodolph will be positively limited to the above number, persons who wish to have the privilege can secure the services of the horse by early application at Rodolph's Woodstock Stud, Rockingham county, Virginia, or at Nat. Hezt. Two hundred dollars will be charged for the season, an insurance and groom can be obtained at the expense of the owners of the mares either at the Planters's Race Track, or at the Eclipse Hotel. Utmost exertion shall be used by Rodolph's groom to keep mares in foal and vigor for the season of service, and never in the memory of man, or stock dog, was it said more have been known than Rodolph's mares proved barren in a season.

PEDIGREE, &c.

Rodolph will be 6 years old in the spring of 1838, is a beautiful bay, 17 hands 2 inches high, with the utmost strength and limbs as clean as a race horse can be. Sired by Sir Archy, out of Transport, by Mercury, 4th dam by Cook's Whip; 5th dam by Cook's Alfred, which was by Imp. Medley, Cook's Whip by Imp. Whip, Sir Archy, of Transport by Imp. Sir Archy, out of Transport by Virginia's Old Sir Archy by Imp. Diomed, out of Rosetta, by Imp. Spread Eagle, out of Lucy Cannaday, Virginia, by Imp. Diomed, out of Rosetta, Cumberland's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. Valiant, &c. See Engraved American Stud Book.

PERFORMANCES OF RODOLPH

He began running and was undefeated in the three years in which he ran only 7 races, and when them all without exception put to his speed on mile and repeat heats. He lost the first heat he ever ran, it was a dash over the course of the new course of the race, as proved by his winning the second and third heats, and the 2d heat in a shorter time than the competitor won the first heat.

Spring, 1835—Rodolph at three years old, ran the entire spring stakes at Louisville, Two mile heats, for his age, (which was a distance of 3 miles), and won the first heat in a canter, distancing the 2d heat in 3.45; two heats and one mile, 7.30, and two miles in 3.40, each heat, distancing the field, and in September at the fall meeting, won the same stakes in the same manner, beating the same horses in 3.45, 3.40, 3.40, and

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - Lafayette Course, March $500 ... Dist. ... Dec. ...
" " Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, ... Mile Heats ... Dec. 12, Oct.
GREENSBURGH, Ky. - March, ... $100 each, ... Dec. ... by Wag, 4 m. Oct.
" March, $400 each, 2 mile heats, ... Dec. ...
MONTREAL, L. C. - - Turf Club, Fall meeting, ... Dec. ... R. ... 15th May, 1838.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Match $2000, ... Dec. ... Dec. ... R. ... Dec.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - Match — mile heats $2000 each, ... Dec. ... Dec. ... R. ... Dec.
vs. gray Filly of Lewis's, ... Mare ... Dec. ... Dec. ... R. ... Dec.
NEW YORK CITY. - - - Union Course, L. I. March, $2000 each, ... Dec. ... Dec. ... R. ... Dec.
Wager vs. Gohanna, ... Dec. ... Dec. ... R. ... Dec.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Jockey Club, February, ... Dec. ... Dec. ... R. ... Dec.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. - Camden and Gloucester, N. J. — Mile Heats ... Dec. ... Dec. ... R. ... Dec.
ch. f. Cora vs. Lady Clifden, ... Dec. ... Dec. ... R. ... Dec.
ROGERSVILLE, Ky. - Match, $1000, ... Dec. ... Dec. ... R. ... Dec.
TOWN RESERVE, L. C. - Amherst meeting, 21 Tuesday, ... Dec. ... Dec. ... R. ... Dec.
VICKSBURG, Miss. - - Match — mile heats, ... Dec. ... Dec. ... R. ... Dec.
Match — mile heats, ... Dec. ... Dec. ... R. ... Dec.
Match — mile heats, ... Dec. ... Dec. ... R. ... Dec.

☞ Under this head Subscribers to Clubs and Course ... may have the dates of their Fixtures ... SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a general number of RACES, Regulations, Pedigrees, &c. see ... SHOOTING, and other MATCHES, or CHALLENGES, ...

STALLIONS FOR 1837

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Hickory, will stand at the stable of ... mile from Petersburg. Terms $... a season, ... days. ... Oaklands

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of ... by Buzzard, ... Dam of ... by ... Dam of ... by ... Dam of ... by